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Introduction

THE writing of autobiographies is of recent origin in this country. The reason is obvious. Traditionally the Indian, till his contact with the West, was too much engrossed in the other world to think of this, too much preoccupied with the obstinate questionings of sense and other things to look around him, and to record his reactions to what he saw, felt, or heard. The life and story of the writers of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* are enshrouded in a mist of myth and legend, so also the singers of Vedic hymns have left no details of their life and times beyond their names associated with some of the verses of the sacred text. The first great figure who emerges with distinct outline out of the distant past of India is Gautama Buddha, but even his personality does not come to us as vivid and fresh as that of Socrates in the dialogues of Plato. The greatest of Sanskrit dramatists, Kalidas, who delighted in creating immortal characters, did not think it worthwhile to tell his own story, although he is reputed to have flourished in an age in which secular interests had gained an ascendancy over spiritual. Similarly, the great artists of the Ajanta caves, who have left behind them perhaps the most wonderful record of a past civilization in colours, remain unknown to this day. Only the edicts

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of Asoka on stone pillars give us a vivid portrait of the great emperor. Asoka, however, raised these pillars not to serve as monuments to his own glory but to preach and to bring home to the masses the tenets of his great Master. It is only incidentally that we know through them of the Emperor also.

It is not strange, therefore, that Indian travellers who made perilous journeys, both by land and by sea, to remote countries beyond the Himalayas or across the ocean, to China, Persia, Asia Minor, or to Java, Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula, Siam and Indo-China, have left no record of their travels as Megasthenes, Huen-Tsang, or Fa-Hian did. No travel-accounts, diaries, or memoirs have come down to us from any of those who helped to spread the religion of the Buddha in Tibet, China or Japan, or helped to build the magnificent wonders of Java and Cambodia. The five-terrace temple of Angkor Wat in Cambodia with its sculptured avenues of snakes and lions, of trees and dancing girls, of legendary heroes and heroines such as Krishna, Ram, Hanuman, and Sita, must have been visited by numerous Indians, and must have been helped in its building by Indian artists, but not one account of it has come down from antiquity. Similarly, no Indian Marco Polo has left any vivid account of the magnificent Buddhist temple at Borobudur in Java, whose splendid carvings to this day are a marvel in stone. What light such accounts might not have shed on the builders of these giant temples, the society which

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gave them birth, and the civilizations which cradled there for centuries!

Not till we come to the Muslim invasions of India do we find any urge for self-description, or interest in the life around. The *Memoirs* of Babur, the Mogul Emperor, (1483-1530), and of his great-grandson, Jahangir, (1569-1627), containing as they do a faithful self-portrayal, are the first of their kind in this country. But Babur was a thorough-bred Mongol and Jahangir was only half Indian. They had inherited a tradition of poetry and self-portrayal not uncommon among Muslim rulers, who either took to this kind of writing to while away their time, or to leave a record of their reign for posterity with a view to justifying their actions, or as a tribute to their own vanity.

The writing of memoirs, diaries, or autobiographies, such as we know it now in this country, is essentially the result of English education. The Indian 'autobiography', therefore, is in the tradition of the West rather than in the tradition of Babur or Jahangir. More specially, it is the outcome of a close study of the spate of memoirs, reminiscences, and autobiographies which followed the first World War and form such an interesting feature of post-War literature in Europe and America. Once again, after the second World War the stream of self-portrayal or self-justification has begun to flood on either side of the Atlantic. In India, particularly, the one book which dissolved the shyness of a number

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of prominent Indians was Jawaharlal Nehru's *Autobiography*, first published in 1936. Before it Mahatma Gandhi had already published his autobiography, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, in 1927-29, the Gujarati version of which — the English being a translation from the original Gujarati — had been published earlier, and was very popular. But this being a record of the spiritual quest of the Mahatma found no imitators, as it was more akin to the *Confessions* of St Augustine than to the numerous autobiographies which came out as a result of the post-War urge for self-revelation. Another Indian autobiography, *A Nation In Making* by Sir Surendranath Banerjea, published in 1925, attracted no notice. Due to his political outlook Sir Surendranath had fallen from grace, and the generation which he represented had long since been dead. A people nourished on the stronger food of civil-disobedience, and non-co-operation, and moved by the dynamic personality of Mahatma Gandhi could ill afford to take any interest in a justification of the Moderate policy for which Sir Surendranath's book stood. Even earlier than Sir Surendranath's book had come out Rabindranath's *Reminiscences*, a book unique for its literary quality, although a translation from the original Bengali, and crowded with memories centring round the Poet. The book, however, for some unaccountable reason, failed to stimulate that degree of interest which Nehru's book did much later.

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The autobiography along with the memoir, diary, and letter constitute what is termed literature of self-revelation. Of these, the memoir is mainly concerned with the affairs of a select number of people, often in high society; the diary with the recording of day to day occurrences in the life of the writer; and the autobiography with the life-story of an individual, shaped and moulded by his environment, and in turn often moulding the society in which he moves. Of these again, the letter, though it may often shed unexpected light and illumine some hitherto obscure corner in a man's life, in spite of its intimacy, is the least important and the autobiography the most. But often again, one or the other form crosses the other, and the memoir may merge in the autobiography, as the diary in the memoir. The *Memoirs* of Babur are both an autobiography as well as a memoir, and the *Diary* of Pepys both a memoir as well as a diary. The advantage which a diary or a memoir has over the autobiography lies in the former's frankness and immediacy, as most of them have been kept with little or no thought of subsequent publication. The autobiography, on the other hand, gains in artistic shape and coherence, and is often as frank as a memoir or diary is. Because of its sustained work as a piece of art, because of its wider interest and revelation of personality and a connected sequence of events, the autobiography has assumed an importance today which is equal to the importance of any other form

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of literature.

The impulse to keep a record of one's own life or the events associated with it is a natural impulse. In general, the more society becomes sophisticated the more man becomes conscious of his own importance both in his own eye and in the eye of the world. This desire to satisfy the ego takes different forms even in the case of an autobiography. In some, as in Cellini—the Italian vagabond-artist of the Renaissance—it takes the form of self-glorification; in others, as in Rousseau, it becomes the channel of a strong urge to take the world into confidence regarding one's most intimate thoughts and actions; in others again, as in the memoirs of Lloyd George, Lord Oxford and Asquith, and Winston Churchill, it takes the form of justification—almost all memoirs or 'reminiscences' of politicians are of this character; and in yet others, as in Newman's *Apologia*, it may take the character of an apology, or as in Margot Asquith's 'Autobiography' and in most others, the character of a happy reminiscence.

Just as the motives for writing an autobiography are varied so also are the motives from which it is studied. Some are interested in it because it will help them to contact and understand great historical events and movements; some because the writer has been an eminent ruler, statesman, religious head, or a conqueror, and it is always interesting to read his own account of himself and the world; some because it helps them to fight their own battle in

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life by reading how others have fought theirs and conquered. But above all the craving to know the story of other people's lives is the outcome of interest in one's own. Because we are interested in the minutest details of our own life, therefore we are interested in knowing similar details about others. For the same reason autobiographical details clothed in fiction as in the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and Jane Austen interest us far less than they would have if these writers had left a full-length portrait of themselves in a regular autobiography. After all, as Johnson said, every man's life may best be written by himself. Although it may be said that one becomes a concentrated egotist while writing of one's own self, it at any rate saves a great deal of labour which a biographer has to undertake in reconstructing his subject's life. And even retaining the note of egotism it is possible to be frankly objective, to mirror not only one's own personality faithfully but to give also an uncoloured account of contemporary society. The autobiographies of Gibbon, of Benvenuto Cellini, and of Jawaharlal Nehru have this quality in an eminent degree. In sheer frankness and sincerity of feeling it is difficult to find a modern autobiography to equal Gandhiji's. But perhaps it will be contended that the *Confessions* of St Augustine, the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* of Newman, and *The Story of My Experiments With Truth* of Gandhiji belong to a class which should not be judged by the standards applicable in the case of more worldly

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Some of the questions which often arise while reading an autobiography are, What measure of reserve or unreserve should a writer practise in writing his story; What should be the degree of sincerity that should go in its writing; and What is the best age for writing it, and whether all are competent to write an account of themselves.

Lady Asquith recalls the advice which Arthur Balfour wanted her to communicate to Lord Morley who at the time was writing the life of Gladstone:

If you see John Morley, give him my love, and tell him to be bold and indiscreet.

And Lady Asquith continues:

A biography must not be a brief either for or against its client, and it should be the same with an autobiography. In writing about yourself and other living people you must take your courage in both hands.

The frankness for which Lady Asquith stood is, however, quite different from the frankness of Rousseau in his *Confessions*. Writing of her book she said: "In this book I must write what I think without fear or favour and with a strict regard to unmodelled truth." This frankness in her might have hurt some of her living contemporaries, and it is a debatable question whether, even in an autobiography, persons alive at the moment should be discussed with that

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freedom which one usually employs in discussing them after death. Such a consideration, however, did not deter Lady Asquith from saying what she thought of some of the most notable persons of her time. She took as her motto: 'As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.' One is tempted to feel that if Pandit Motilal Nehru or Sir C. Y. Chintamani had written their autobiographies they would not have been unwilling to subscribe to Lady Asquith's motto. Their autobiographies would have been as scintillating with brilliance and wit, specially Pandit Motilal's, as Margot Asquith's. The frankness of Rousseau is of a different order. His *Confessions* make morbid reading. He revels in sensual slush. Frankness does not mean that there should be no limit to what one writes. Lord Oxford, Margot's husband, quotes with approval Johnson's retort to Boswell when the latter on one occasion was rash enough to say, 'Sir, I am sometimes troubled with a disposition to stinginess,' and Johnson replied, 'So am I, Sir, but I do not tell it'. Gandhiji, once again, serves as a model where even the most intimate relations with the other sex are related with an amazing degree of frankness, and yet without the slightest suspicion of gusto, which invests his experiences with a veil of delicacy wholly lacking in Rousseau. Rousseau, however, was right in laying down the ideal for an autobiographer. 'I desire to set before my fellows,' he wrote, 'the likeness of a man in

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all the truth of nature, and that man myself.' Cellini, even earlier than Rousseau, had said the same thing, emphasizing the necessity for truth in such writing. 'All men, whatever be their condition,' he said, 'who have done anything of merit, or which verily has a semblance of merit, if so be they are men of truth and good repute, should write the tale of their life with their own hand.' To truth Cellini added another condition, that the thing described should 'verily have a semblance of merit' or be a thing of merit. Goethe went a step further. Discussing the merit of the autobiography of Jean Paul, his countryman, and the latter's emphasis on the truth of his narration, he remarked, 'As if the *truth* from the life of such a man could be any other than that the author was a Philistine.' And he emphasized: '*A fact of our life is valuable, not so far as it is true, but so far as it is significant.*' He wrote his own life, *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (*Poetry and Truth*) to illustrate it.

Despite the autobiographer's swearing by truth, 'the naked, unblushing truth' by which Gibbon swore, the danger still lies that he may exaggerate about himself and underrate others. But this danger is as great in a biographer as in an autobiographer. This being so, it is much better to have a man's story by himself rather than to have it written by another, for, as Johnson pointed out, 'as much impartiality might confidently be expected from one who related his own life as from one who related the life story of

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another'. Autobiographies, however, written late in life may often mix up fancy with fact, unless they are based on carefully preserved memoranda. Even then it may be difficult to recall thoughts and feelings as they were at the time. This has, therefore, led to the interesting controversy as to what is the best age at which an autobiography should be written.

Talking of those who intended to write their autobiographies, Cellini remarked : 'It were best they should not set out on so fine an enterprise till they have passed their *fortieth* year.' He himself wrote his own at the age of fifty-eight. Rousseau's *Confessions* was still incomplete when he was fifty-seven. Goethe wrote his *Dichtung und Wahrheit* when he was over sixty, and the last part of it did not appear till after his death. Gibbon wrote his autobiography at the close of his life. The idea of the older writers to write their autobiographies when fairly advanced in age was doubtless the belief that they would then be able to survey the events of their life more dispassionately. In India itself the incomplete *Reminiscences* of Rabindranath Tagore were written long after he had passed his fortieth year, and Surendranath Banerjea wrote his autobiography when he thought he had finished his labours in this life. Even Mahatma Gandhi started the writing of his life-story when he was over fifty, and so did Rajendra Prasad in Hindi. Jawaharlal commenced writing his in 1934, and completed it in 1935, when he was forty-six. He was thus the youngest among the great

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lies between fiction and fact. Tagore's story of his childhood is as fascinating as Tolstoy's *Childhood*, *Boyhood and Youth*, and Kanaiyalal Munshi in his *Shishu ane Sakhi*, written in Gujarati, portrays the lights and shadows of his intimate life with a candidness which is unique in Indian literature, and it is a pity that neither Mr Munshi's autobiography nor Dr Rajendra Prasad's is available in an English version. Harindranath with the vision of a poet can recreate his past in rainbow colours : Mrs Pandit in her account of how she became a Minister is gracefully conversational, while Mrs Hutheesing shows what an adept she is at a sentimental thumb-nail sketch.

It is also interesting to note the motives which led some of the persons included in this book to write their autobiographies. Sir Surendranath Banerjea, finding himself a political outcaste and wishing to justify his own and his colleagues' actions, pleaded a patriotic purpose in writing his reminiscences. 'The need for Reminiscences such as these is all the more pressing in view of recent developments in public life, when people are likely to forget the services of early nation-builders', he wrote. And again : 'I want to do justice to the memories of honoured colleagues, many of whom are now dead', and lest it should be thought that he wrote only in a defensive role, he added : 'I want to indicate the beginnings, the growth, and the early development of national life, so that they may afford a guide for the future.' 'It is not my purpose,' said Gandhiji,

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"to write a real autobiography. I simply want to tell the story of my numerous experiments with truth, and as my life consists of nothing but those experiments, it is true that the story will take the shape of an autobiography.' Gandhiji's purpose, therefore, in writing his life-story was not to write a book in defence of his actions but 'to narrate my experiments in the spiritual field which are known only to myself, and from which I have derived such power as I possess for working in the political field'. In doing so he refused to slur or pass over inconvenient incidents. 'I am not going,' he said, 'either to conceal or understate any ugly things that must be told. I hope to acquaint the reader fully with all my faults and errors. My purpose is to describe experiments in the science of Satyagraha, not to say how good I am.' The purpose of Jawaharlal was entirely different. 'The primary object', he says, 'in writing these pages was to occupy myself with a definite task, so necessary in the long solitudes of gaol life, as well as to review past events in India, with which I had been connected, to enable myself to think clearly about them. I began the task in a mood of self-questioning and, to a large extent, this persisted throughout.' At another place he again wrote, '*I write down my past feelings and experiences in the hope that this may bring me some peace and psychic satisfaction*'. The publication of Nehru's *Autobiography* in England led to the belief that it was written primarily for the English people with a view to acquainting them

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with Indian political conditions and to justify the conduct of Indian leaders. Jawaharlal contradicts this :- 'I was not writing deliberately for an audience, but if I thought of an audience, it was one of my own countrymen and countrywomen.' Harindranath Chattopadhyaya in his *Life and Myself* illustrates his definition of an autobiography as 'the story of the conflict of circumstance with the will of man, the result of which, at every stage, may be named destiny'.

. But whatever may be the merit or defect of an autobiography as a work of art, as a historical record, whatever may be the motive of its writing, there is no doubt that its essential charm lies in its universal appeal, for as a great critic puts it, 'the autobiographer in writing about himself, is writing about you and me. If he were not, we would not listen to him for a moment.'

Mahatma Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, as a document of the inner struggle of the spirit and its final triumph, is a unique book of its kind. The only book which can be compared to it is 'Confessions of St. Augustine'. Although Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography is a translation from the Gujarati, his quiet and sincere personality emerges from every page of it. As it was written serially for publication in his weekly paper, the autobiography naturally appears somewhat sketchy, but despite its piecemeal nature, it is bound to retain for long its place in the great subjective literature of the world.

In the following extract Mahatma Gandhi tells of his disappointment when he started life as a barrister on his return from England.

I. HOW I BEGAN LIFE

MY elder brother had built high hopes on me. The desire for wealth and name and fame was great in him. He had a big heart, generous to a fault. This, combined with his simple nature, had attracted to him many friends, and through them he expected to get me briefs. He had also assumed that I should have a swinging practice and had, in that expectation, allowed the household expenses to become top-heavy. He had also left no stone un-

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turned in preparing the field for my practice.

The storm in my caste over my foreign voyage was still brewing. It had divided the caste into two camps, one of which immediately readmitted me to the caste, while the other was bent on keeping me out. To please the former my brother took me to Nasik before going to Rajkot, gave me a bath in the sacred river and, on reaching Rajkot, gave a caste dinner. I did not like all this. But my brother's love for me was boundless, and my devotion to him was in proportion to it, and so I mechanically acted as he wished, taking his will to be law. The trouble about readmission to the caste was thus practically over.

I never tried to seek admission to the section that had refused it to me. Nor did I feel even mental resentment against any of the headmen of that section. Some of these regarded me with dislike, but I scrupulously avoided hurting their feelings. I fully respected the caste regulations about excommunication. According to these, none of my relations, including my father-in-law and mother-in-law, and even my sister and brother-in-law, could entertain me ; and I would not so much as drink water at their houses. They were prepared secretly to evade the prohibition, but it went against the grain with me to do a thing in secret that I would not do in public.

The result of my scrupulous conduct was that I never had occasion to be troubled by the caste ; nay, I have experienced nothing but affection and gene-

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rosity from the general body of the section that still regards me as excommunicated. They have even helped me in my work, without ever expecting me to do anything for the caste. It is my conviction that all these good things are due to my non-resistance. Had I agitated for being admitted to the caste, had I attempted to divide it into more camps, had I provoked the caste-men, they would surely have retaliated, and instead of steering clear of the storm, I should, on my arrival from England, have found myself in a whirlpool of agitation, and perhaps a party to dissimulation.

My relations with my wife were still not as I desired. Even my stay in England had not cured me of my jealousy. I continued my squeamishness and suspiciousness in respect of every little thing, and hence all my cherished desires remained unfulfilled. I had decided that my wife should learn reading and writing and that I should help her in her studies, but my lust came in the way and she had to suffer for my own shortcoming. Once I went the length of sending her away to her father's house, and consented to receive her back only after I had made her thoroughly miserable. I saw later that all this was pure folly on my part.

I had planned reform in the education of children. My brother had children, and my own child which I had left at home when I went to England was now a boy of nearly four. It was my desire to teach these little ones physical exercise and make them hardy,

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and also to give them the benefit of my personal guidance. In this I had my brother's support and I succeeded in my efforts more or less. I very much liked the company of children, and the habit of playing and joking with them has stayed with me till today. I have ever since thought that I should make a good teacher of children.

The necessity for food 'reform' was obvious. Tea and coffee had already found their place in the house. My brother had thought it fit to keep some sort of English atmosphere ready for me on my return, and to that end, crockery and such other things, which used to be kept in the house only for special occasions, were now in general use. My 'reforms' put the finishing touch. I introduced oatmeal porridge, and cocoa was to replace tea and coffee. But in truth it became an addition to tea and coffee. Boots and shoes were already there. I completed the Europeanization by adding the European dress.

Expenses thus went up. New things were added every day. We had succeeded in tying a white elephant at our door. But how was the wherewithal to be found? To start practice in Rajkot would have meant sure ridicule. I had hardly the knowledge of a qualified vakil and yet I expected to be paid ten times his fee! No client would be fool enough to engage me. And even if such a one was to be found, should I add arrogance and fraud to my ignorance, and increase the burden of debt I owed to the world?

Mahatma Gandhi

Friends advised me to go to Bombay for some time in order to gain experience of the High Court, to study Indian law and to try and get what briefs I could. I took up the suggestion and went.

In Bombay I started a household with a cook as incompetent as myself. He was a Brahman. I did not treat him as a servant but as a member of the household. He would pour water over himself but never wash. His *dhoti* was dirty, as also his sacred thread, and he was completely innocent of the scriptures. But how was I to get a better cook?

'Well, Ravishankar,' (for that was his name), I would ask him, 'you may not know cooking, but surely you must know your *sandhya* (daily worship), etc.'

'*Sandhya*, sir! The plough is our *sandhya* and the spade our daily ritual. That is the type of Brahman I am. I must live on your mercy. Otherwise agriculture is of course there for me.'

So I had to be Ravishankar's teacher. Time I had enough. I began to do half the cooking myself and introduced the English experiments in vegetarian cookery. I invested in a stove, and with Ravishankar began to run the kitchen. I had no scruples about interdining, Ravishankar too came to have none, and so we went on merrily together. There was only one obstacle. Ravishankar had sworn to remain dirty and to keep the food unclean!

But it was impossible for me to get along in

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Bombay for more than four or five months, there being no income to square with the ever-increasing expenditure.

This was how I began life. I found the barrister's profession a bad job — much show and little knowledge. I felt a crushing sense of my responsibility.

II. THE FIRST CASE

Whilst in Bombay, I began, on the one hand, my study of Indian law and, on the other, my experiments in dietetics in which Virchand Gandhi, a friend, joined me. My brother, for his part, was trying his best to get me briefs.

The study of Indian law was a tedious business. The Civil Procedure Code I could in no way get on with. Not so, however, with the Evidence Act. Virchand Gandhi was reading for the Solicitor's Examination and would tell me all sorts of stories about barristers and vakils. 'Sir Pherozechah's ability,' he would say, 'lies in his profound knowledge of law. He has the Evidence Act by heart and knows all the cases on the thirty-second section. Badruddin Tyabji's wonderful power of argument inspires the judges with awe.'

The stories of stalwarts such as these would unnerve me.

'It is not unusual,' he would add, 'for a barrister to vegetate for five or seven years. That's why I have signed the articles for solicitorship. You should

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count yourself lucky if you can paddle your own canoe in three years' time.'

Expenses were mounting up every month. To have a barrister's board outside the house, whilst still preparing for the barrister's profession inside, was a thing to which I could not reconcile myself. Hence I could not give undivided attention to my studies. I developed some liking for the Evidence Act and read Mayne's *Hindu Law* with deep interest, but I had not the courage to conduct a case. I was helpless beyond words, even as the bride come fresh to her father-in-law's house!

About this time, I took up the case of one Mamibai. It was a 'small cause'. 'You will have to pay some commission to the tout,' I was told. I emphatically declined.

'But even that great criminal lawyer Mr So-and-So, who makes three to four thousand a month, pays commission!'

'I do not need to emulate him,' I rejoined. 'I should be content with Rs 300 a month. Father did not get more.'

'But those days are gone. Expenses in Bombay have gone up frightfully. You must be businesslike.'

I was adamant. I gave no commission, but got Mamibai's case all the same. It was an easy case. I charged Rs 30 for my fees. The case was not likely to last longer than a day.

This was my *debut* in the Small Causes Court. I appeared for the defendant and had thus to cross-

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examine the plaintiff's witnesses. I stood up, but my heart sank into my boots. My head was reeling and I felt as though the whole Court was doing likewise. I could think of no question to ask. The judge must have laughed, and the vakils no doubt enjoyed the spectacle. But I was past seeing anything. I sat down and told the agent that I could not conduct the case, that he had better engage Patel and have the fee back from me. Mr Patel was duly engaged for Rs 51. To him, of course, the case was child's play.

I hastened from the Court, not knowing whether my client won or lost her case, but I was ashamed of myself, and decided not to take up any more cases until I had courage enough to conduct them. Indeed I did not go to Court again until I went to South Africa. There was no virtue in my decision. I had simply made a virtue of necessity. There would be no one so foolish as to entrust his case to me, only to lose it!

But there *was* another case in store for me at Bombay. It was a memorial to be drafted. A poor Mussalman's land was confiscated in Porbandar. He approached me as the worthy son of a worthy father. His case appeared to be weak, but I consented to draft a memorial for him, the cost of printing to be borne by him. I drafted it and read it out to friends. They approved of it, and that to some extent made me feel confident that I was qualified enough to draft a memorial, as indeed I really was.

Mahatma Gandhi

My business could flourish if I drafted memorials without any fees. But that would bring no grist to the mill. So I thought I might take up a teacher's job. My knowledge of English was good enough, and I should have loved to teach English to Matriculation boys in some school. In this way I could have met part at least of the expenses. I came across an advertisement in the papers: 'Wanted, an English teacher to teach one hour daily. Salary Rs 75.' The advertisement was from a famous high school. I applied for the post and was called for an interview. I went there in high spirits, but when the principal found that I was not a graduate, he regretfully refused me.

'But I have passed the London Matriculation with Latin as my second language.'

'True, but we want a graduate.'

There was no help for it. I wrung my hands in despair. My brother also felt much worried. We both came to the conclusion that it was no use spending more time in Bombay. I should settle in Rajkot where my brother, himself a petty pleader, could give me some work in the shape of drafting applications and memorials. And then as there was already a household at Rajkot, the breaking up of the one at Bombay meant a considerable saving. I liked the suggestion. My little establishment was thus closed after a stay of six months in Bombay.

I used to attend High Court daily whilst in Bombay, but I cannot say that I learnt anything

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there. I had not sufficient knowledge to learn much. Often I could not follow the cases and dozed off. There were others also who kept me company in this, and thus lightened my load of shame. After a time, I even lost the sense of shame, as I learnt to think that it was fashionable to doze in the High Court.

If the present generation has also its briefless barristers like me in Bombay, I would commend them a little practical precept about living. Although I lived in Girgaum I hardly ever took a carriage or a tramcar. I had made it a rule to walk to the High Court. It took me quite forty-five minutes, and of course I invariably returned home on foot. I had inured myself to the heat of the sun. This walk to and from the Court saved a fair amount of money, and when many of my friends in Bombay used to fall ill, I do not remember having once had an illness. Even when I began to earn money, I kept up the practice of walking to and from the office, and I am still reaping the benefits of that practice.

III. THE FIRST SHOCK

Disappointed, I left Bombay and went to Rajkot where I set up my own office. Here I got along moderately well. Drafting applications and memorials brought me in, on an average, Rs 300 a month. For this work I had to thank influence rather than my own ability, for my brother's partner had a settled

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practice. All applications etc. which were, really or to his mind, of an important character, he sent to big barristers. To my lot fell the applications to be drafted on behalf of his poor clients.

I must confess that here I had to compromise the principle of giving no commission, which in Bombay I had so scrupulously observed. I was told that conditions in the two cases were different ; that whilst in Bombay commissions had to be paid to touts, here they had to be paid to vakils who briefed you ; and that here as in Bombay all barristers, without exception, paid a percentage of their fees as commission. The argument of my brother was, for me, unanswerable. ' You see,' said he, ' that I am in partnership with another vakil. I shall always be inclined to make over to you all our cases with which you can possibly deal, and if you refuse to pay a commission to my partner, you are sure to embarrass me. As you and I have a joint establishment, your fee comes to our common purse, and I automatically get a share. But what about my partner ? Supposing he gave the same case to some other barrister, he would certainly get his commission from him.' I was taken in by this plea, and felt that, if I was to practise as a barrister, I could not press my principle regarding commissions in such cases. That is how I argued with myself, or to put it bluntly, how I deceived myself. Let me add, however, that I do not remember ever to have given a commission in respect of any other case.

Though I thus began to make both ends meet, I

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got the first shock of my life about this time. I had heard what a British officer was like, but up to now had never been face to face with one.

My brother had been secretary and adviser to the late Ranasaheb of Porbandar before he was installed on his *gadi*¹, and hanging over his head at this time was the charge of having given wrong advice when in that office. The matter had gone to the Political Agent who was prejudiced against my brother. Now I had known this officer when in England, and he may be said to have been fairly friendly to me. My brother thought that I should avail myself of the friendship and, putting in a good word on his behalf, try to disabuse the Political Agent of his prejudice. I did not at all like this idea. I should not, I thought, try to take advantage of a trifling acquaintance in England. If my brother was really at fault, what use was my recommendation? If he was innocent, he should submit a petition in the proper course and, confident of his innocence, face the result. My brother did not relish this advice. 'You do not know Kathiawad,' he said, 'and you have yet to know the world. Only influence counts here. It is not proper for you, a brother, to shirk your duty, when you can clearly put in a good word about me to an officer you know.'

I could not refuse him, so I went to the officer much against my will. I knew I had no right to approach him and was fully conscious that I was

¹ Throne

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compromising my self-respect. But I sought an appointment and got it. I reminded him of the old acquaintance, but I immediately saw that Kathiawad was different from England ; that an officer on leave was not the same as an officer on duty. The Political Agent owned the acquaintance, but the reminder seemed to stiffen him. ' Surely you have not come here to abuse that acquaintance, have you ? ' appeared to be the meaning of that stiffness, and seemed to be written on his brow. Nevertheless I opened my case. The *sahib* was impatient. ' Your brother is an intriguer. I want to hear nothing more from you. I have no time. If your brother has anything to say, let him apply through the proper channel. ' The answer was enough, was perhaps deserved. But selfishness is blind. I went on with my story. The *sahib* got up and said : ' You must go now. '

' But please hear me out, ' said I. That made him more angry. He called his peon and ordered him to show me the door. I was still hesitating when the peon came in, placed his hands on my shoulders and put me out of the room.

The *sahib* went away as also the peon, and I departed, fretting and fuming. I at once wrote out and sent over a note to this effect : ' You have insulted me. You have assaulted me through your peon. If you make no amends, I shall have to proceed against you. '

Quick came the answer through his *sowar* :

' You were rude to me. I asked you to go and

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you would not. I had no option but to order my peon to show you the door. Even after he asked you to leave the office, you did not do so. He therefore had to use just enough force to send you out. You are at liberty to proceed as you wish.'

With this answer in my pocket, I came home crest-fallen, and told my brother all that had happened. He was grieved, but was at a loss as to how to console me. He spoke to his vakil friends. For I did not know how to proceed against the *sahib*. Sir Pherozeshah Mehta happened to be in Rajkot at this time, having come down from Bombay for some case. But how could a junior barrister like me dare to see him? So I sent him the papers of my case, through the vakil who had engaged him, and begged for his advice. 'Tell Gandhi,' he said, 'such things are the common experience of many vakils and barristers. He is still fresh from England, and hot-blooded. He does not know British officers. If he would earn something and have an easy time here, let him tear up the note and pocket the insult. He will gain nothing by proceeding against the *sahib*, and on the contrary will very likely ruin himself. Tell him he has yet to know life.'

The advice was as bitter as poison to me, but I had to swallow it. I pocketed the insult, but also profited by it. 'Never again shall I place myself in such a false position, never again shall I try to exploit friendship in this way,' said I to myself, and since then I have never been guilty of a breach of that

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determination. This shock changed the course of my life.

The Story of My Experiments With Truth — 1927-29

Rabindranath Tagore

MY BOYHOOD DAYS

Poet, philosopher, mystic, playwright, essayist, novelist, and story-writer, Rabindranath bestrode the literary world of his day like a Colossus. There is no branch of literature which he touched and did not adorn. International recognition came to him by the surprise award of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913 for his *Gitanjali*. Since then he never quite lost the pre-eminence which he had won in the world's eye. He returned his Knighthood as a protest against the Amritsar massacre in 1919, and though he never took active part in politics, he wielded great influence with political leaders. He founded the Viswa-Bharati at Santiniketan as a home of international culture.

My Boyhood Days is really a supplement to his *Reminiscences*, but is much better written. It gives a vivid picture of Calcutta sixty years ago. The story of his own childhood reads like a romance.

FROM morning till night the mills of learning went on grinding. To wind up this creaking machinery was the work of *Shejadada*—Hemen-dranath. He was a stern taskmaster, but it is useless now to try to hide the fact that the greater part of the cargo with which he sought to load our minds was tipped out of the boat and sent to the bottom. My learning at any rate was a profitless cargo. If one

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seeks to key an instrument to too high a pitch, the strings will snap beneath the strain.

Shejadada made all arrangements for the education of his eldest daughter. When the time came he got her admitted into the Loreto Convent School, but even before that she had been given a foundation in Bengali. He also gave Protibha a thorough training in western music, which, however, did not cause her to lose her skill in Indian music. Among the gentlemen's families of that time she had no equal in Hindustani songs.

It is one merit of western music that its scales and exercises demand diligent practice, that it makes for a sensitive ear, and that the discipline of the piano allows of no slackness in the matter of rhythm.

Meanwhile she had learnt Indian music from her earliest years from our teacher Vishnu. In this school of music I also had to be entered. No present-day musician, whether famous or obscure, would have consented to touch the kind of songs with which Vishnu initiated us. They were the very commonest kind of Bengali folk songs. Let me give you a few examples :

' A gypsy lass is come to town
To paint tattoos, my sister.
The painting's nothing, so they tell,
Yet she on me has cast a spell,
And makes me weep and mocks me well,
By her tattoos, my sister.'

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I remember also a few fragmentary lines, such as :

- ‘The sun and moon have owned defeat,
the firefly’s lamp lights up the stage ;
the Moghul and the Pathan flag,
the weaver reads the Persian page.’

and :

- ‘Your daughter-in-law is the plantain tree,
Mother of Ganesh, let her be. —
For if but one flower should blossom and grow
She will have so many children you won’t
know what to do.’

Lines too come back to me in which one can catch a glimpse of old forgotten histories :

- ‘There was a jungle of thorn and burr,
Fit for the dogs alone ;
There did he cut for himself a throne . . .’

The modern custom is first to practise scales — *sa-re-ga-ma*, etc., on the harmonium, and then to teach some simple Hindi songs. But the wise supervisor who was then in charge of our studies understood that boyhood has its own childish needs, and that these simple Bengali words would come much more easily to Bengali children than Hindi speech. Besides this, the rhythm of this folk music defied all accompaniment by *tabla*. It danced itself into our very pulses. The experiment thus made showed that

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just as a child learns his first enjoyment of literature from his mother's nursery rhymes, he learns his first enjoyment of music also from the same source.

The harmonium, that bane of Indian music, was not then in vogue. I practised my songs with my *tambura* resting on my shoulder, I did not subject myself to the slavery of the keyboard.

It was no one's fault but my own, that nothing could keep me for many days together in the beaten track of learning. I strayed at will, filling my wallet with whatever gleanings of knowledge I chanced upon. If I had been disposed to give my mind to my studies, the musicians of these days would have had no cause to slight my work. For I had plenty of opportunity. As long as my brother was in charge of my education, I repeated Brahmo songs with Vishnu in an absent-minded fashion. When I felt so inclined I would sometimes hang about the doorway while *Shejadada* was practising, and pick up the song that was going on. Once he was singing to the *Behag* air, 'O thou of slow and stately tread'. Unobserved I listened and fixed the tune in my mind, and astounded my mother — an easy task — by singing it to her that evening. Our family friend Srikantha Babu was absorbed in music day and night. He would sit on the verandah, rubbing *chameli* oil on his body before his bath, his *hookah* in his hand, and the fragrance of amber-scented tobacco rising into the air. He was always humming tunes, which attracted us boys around him. He never *taught* us songs, he simply

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sang them to us, and we picked them up almost without knowing it. When he could no longer restrain his enthusiasm, he would stand up and dance, accompanying himself on the *sitar*. His big expressive eyes shone with enjoyment, he burst into the song, *Mai chhoro brajaki bansari*, and would not rest content till I joined in too.

In matters of hospitality, people kept open house in those days. There was no need for a man to be intimately known before he was received. There was a bed to be had at any time, and a plate of rice at the regular meal times for any who chanced to come. One day, for example, one such stranger guest, who carried his *tambura* warped in a quilt on his shoulder, opened his bundle, sat down, and stretched his legs at ease on one side of our reception room, and Kanai the *hookah*-tender offered him the customary courtesy of the *hookah*.

Pan, like tobacco, played a great part in the reception of guests. In those days the morning occupation of the women in the inner apartments consisted in preparing piles of *pan* for the use of those who visited the outer reception room. Deftly they placed the lime on the leaf, smeared catechu on it with a small stick, and putting in the appropriate amount of spice folded and secured it with a clove. This prepared *pan* was then piled into a brass container, and a moist piece of cloth, stained with catechu, acted as cover. Meanwhile, in the room under the staircase outside, the stir and bustle of

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preparing tobacco would be going on. In a big earthenware tub were balls of charcoal covered with ash, the pipes of the *hookahs* hung down like snakes of *Nagaloka*, with the scent of rosewater in the veins. This amber scent of tobacco was the first welcome extended by the household to those who climbed the steps to visit the house. Such was the invariable custom then prescribed for the fitting reception of guests. That overflowing bowl of *pan* has long since been discarded, and the caste of *hookah*-tenders have thrown off their liveries and taken to the sweetmeat shops, where they knead up three-day-old *sandesh* and refashion it for sale.

That unknown musician stayed for a few days, just as he chose. No one asked him any questions. At dawn I used to drag him from his mosquito curtains and make him sing to me. (Those who have no fancy for regular study revel in study that is irregular.) The morning melody of *Bansi hamari re . . .* would rise on the air.

After this, when I was a little older, a very great musician called Jadu Bhatta came and stayed in the house. He made one big mistake in being determined to teach me music, and consequently no teaching took place. Nevertheless, I did casually pick up from him a certain amount of stolen knowledge. I was very fond of the song *Ruma jhuma barakhe aju badaraoa . . .* which was set to a *Kaji* tune, and which remains to this day in my store of rainy season songs. But unfortunately just at this time another

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guest arrived without warning, who had a name as a tiger-killer. A Bengali tiger-killer was a real marvel in those days, and it followed that I remained captivated in his room for the greater part of the time. I realise clearly now what I never dreamed of then, that the tiger whose fell clutches he so thrillingly described could never have bitten him at all ; perhaps he got the idea from the snarling jaws of the stuffed Museum tigers. But in those days I busied myself eagerly in the liberal provision of *pan* and tobacco for this hero, while the distant strains of *kanara* music fell faintly on my indifferent ears.

So much for music. In other studies the foundation provided by *Shejadada* was equally generously laid. It was the fault of my own nature that no great matter came of it. It was with people like me in view that Ramprosad Sen wrote, 'O Mind, you do not understand the art of cultivation'. With me, the work of cultivation never took place. But let me tell you of a few fields where the ploughing at least was done.

I got up while it was still dark and practised wrestling — on cold days I shivered and trembled with cold. In the city was a celebrated one-eyed wrestler, who gave me practice. On the north side of the outer room was an open space known as the 'granary'. The name clearly had survived from a time when the city had not yet completely crushed out all rural life, and a few open spaces still remained.

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When the life of the city was still young our granary had been filled with the whole year's store of grain, and the *ryots* who held their land on lease from us brought to it their appointed portion. It was here that the lean-to shed for wrestling was built against the compound wall. The ground had been prepared by digging and loosening the earth to a depth of about a cubit and pouring over it a maund of mustard oil. It was mere child's play for the wrestler to try a fall with me there, but I would manage to get well smeared with dust by the end of the lesson, when I put on my shirt and went indoors.

Mother did not like to see me come in every morning so covered with dust — she feared that the colour of her son's skin would be darkened and spoiled. As a result, she occupied herself on holidays in scrubbing me. (Fashionable housewives of today buy their toilet preparations in boxes from western shops ; but then they used to make their unguent with their own hands. It contained almond paste, thickened cream, the rind of oranges and many other things which I forget. If only I had learnt and remembered the recipe, I might have set up a shop and sold it as 'Begum Bilash' unguent, and made at least as much money as the *sandesh-wallahs*.) On Sunday mornings there was a great rubbing and scrubbing on the verandah, and I would begin to grow restless to get away. Incidentally a story used to go about among our school fellows that in our house babies were bathed in wine as soon as they were

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born, and that was the reason for our fair European complexions.

When I came in from the wrestling ground I saw a Medical College student waiting to teach me the lore of bones. A whole skeleton hung on the wall. It used to hang at night on the wall of our bedroom, and the bones swayed in the wind and rattled together. But the fear I might otherwise have felt had been overcome by constantly handling it, and by learning by heart the long, difficult names of the bones.

The clock in the porch struck seven. Master Nilkamal was a stickler for punctuality, there was no chance of a moment's variation. He had a thin, shrunken body, but his health was as good as his pupil's, and never once, unluckily for us, was he afflicted even by a headache. Taking my book and slate I sat down before the table, and he began to write figures on the blackboard in chalk. Everything was in Bengali, arithmetic, algebra and geometry. In literature I jumped at one bound from *Sitar Banabas* to *Meghnadbadh Kabya*. Along with this there was natural science. From time to time Sitanath Datta would come, and we acquired some superficial knowledge of science by experiments with familiar things. Once Heramba Tattvaratna, the Sanskrit scholar, came ; and I began to learn the *Mugdhabodh* Sanskrit grammar by heart, though without understanding a word of it.

In this way, all through the morning, studies of

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all kinds were heaped upon me, but as the burden grew greater, my mind contrived to get rid of fragments of it; making a hole in the enveloping net, my parrot-learning slipped through its meshes and escaped — and the opinion that Master Nilkamal expressed of his pupil's intelligence was not of the kind to be made public.

In another part of the verandah is the old tailor, his thick-lensed spectacles on his nose, sitting bent over his sewing, and ever and anon, at the prescribed hours, going through the ritual of his *Namaz*. I watch him and think what a lucky fellow Niamat is. Then, with my head in a whirl from doing sums, I shade my eyes with my slate, and looking down see in front of the entrance porch Chandrabhan the *durwan* combing his long beard with a wooden comb, dividing it in two and looping it round each ear. The assistant *durwan*, a slender boy, is sitting near by, a bracelet on his arm, and cutting tobacco. Over there the horse has already finished his morning allowance of gram, and the crows are hopping round pecking at the scattered grains. Our dog Johnny's sense of duty is aroused and he drives them away barking.

I had planted a custard-apple seed in the dust which continual sweeping had collected in one corner of the verandah. All agog with excitement, I watched for the sprouting of the new leaves. As soon as Master Nilkamal had gone, I had to run and examine it, and water it. In the end my hopes went unfulfilled

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— the same broom that had gathered the dust together dispersed it again to the four winds.

• Now the sun climbs higher and the slanting shadows cover only half the courtyard. The clock strikes nine. Govinda, short and dark, with a dirty yellow towel slung over his shoulder, takes me off to bathe me. Promptly at half past nine comes our monotonous, unvarying meal — the daily ration of rice, *dal* and fish curry — it was not much to my taste.

The clock strikes ten. From the main street is heard the hawker's cry of 'Green Mangoes' — what wistful dreams it awakens ! From further and further away resounds the clanging of the receding brass-peddler, striking his wares till they ring again. The lady of the neighbouring house in the lane is drying her hair on the roof, and her two little girls are playing with shells. They have plenty of leisure, for in those days girls were not obliged to go to school, and I used to think how fine it would have been to be born a girl. But as it is, the old horse draws me in the rickety carriage to my Andamans, in which from ten to four I am doomed to exile.

At half past four I return from school. The gymnastic master has come, and for about an hour I exercise my body on the parallel bars. He has no sooner gone than the drawing master arrives.

Gradually the rusty light of day fades away. The many blurred noises of the evening are heard as a dreamy hum resounding over the demon city of brick

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and mortar. In the study room an oil lamp is burning. Master Aghor has come and the English lesson begins. The black-covered reader is lying in wait for me on the table. The cover is loose ; the pages are stained and a little torn ; I have tried my hand at writing my name in English in it, in the wrong places, and all in capital letters. As I read I nod, then jerk myself awake again with a start, but miss far more than I read. When finally I tumble into bed I have at last a little time to call my own. And there I listen to endless stories of the king's son travelling over an endless, trackless plain.

My Boyhood Days — 1940

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score of persons, out of many thousands, voting against it. The real voting took place on a side issue, which came in the form of an amendment. This amendment was defeated and the voting figures were announced and the main resolution declared carried, by a curious coincidence, at the stroke of midnight on December 31st, as the old year yielded place to the new. Thus even as the year of grace, fixed by the Calcutta Congress, expired, the new decision was taken and preparations for the struggle launched. The wheels had been set moving, but we were still in darkness as to how and when we were to begin. The All-India Congress Committee had been authorised to plan and carry out our campaign, but all knew that the real decision lay with Gandhiji.

The Lahore Congress was attended by large numbers of people from the Frontier Province near by. Individual delegates from this province had always come to the Congress sessions, and for some years past Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan had been attending and taking part in our deliberations. In Lahore for the first time a large batch of earnest young men from the Frontier came into touch with all-India political currents. Their fresh minds were impressed, and they returned with a sense of unity with the rest of India in the struggle for freedom and full of enthusiasm for it. They were simple but effective men of action, less given to talk and quibbling than the people of any other province in India, and they started organising their people and

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spreading the new ideas. They met with success, and the men and women of the Frontier, the latest to join in India's struggle, played an outstanding and remarkable part from 1930 onwards.

Immediately after the Lahore Congress, and in obedience to its mandate, my father called upon the Congress members of the Legislative Assembly and the Provincial Councils to resign from their seats. Nearly all of them came out in a body, a very few refusing to do so, although this involved a breach of their election promises.

Still we were vague about the future. In spite of the enthusiasm shown at the Congress session, no one knew what the response of the country would be to a programme of action. We had burned our boats and could not go back, but the country ahead of us was an almost strange and uncharted land. To give a start to our campaign, and partly also to judge the temper of the country, January 26th was fixed as Independence Day, when a pledge of independence was to be taken all over the country.

And so, full of doubt about our programme, but pushed on by enthusiasm and the desire to do something effective, we waited for the march of events. I was in Allahabad during the early part of January; my father was mostly away. It was the time of the great annual fair, the Magh Mela; probably it was the special Kumbh year, and hundreds of thousands of men and women were continually streaming into Allahabad, or holy

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Prayag, as it was to the pilgrims. They were all kinds of people, chiefly peasants, also labourers, shopkeepers, artisans, merchants, business men, professional people — indeed, it was a cross-section of Hindu India. As I watched these great crowds and the unending streams of people going to and from the river, I wondered how they would react to the call for civil resistance and peaceful direct action. How many of them knew or cared for the Lahore decisions? How amazingly powerful was that faith which had for thousands of years brought them and their forbears from every corner of India to bathe in the holy Ganga! Could they not divert some of this tremendous energy to political and economic action to better their own lot? Or were their minds too full of the trappings and traditions of their religion to leave room for other thought? I knew, of course, that these other thoughts were already there, stirring the placid stillness of ages. It was the movement of these vague ideas and desires among the masses that had caused the upheavals of the past dozen years and had changed the face of India. There was no doubt about their existence and of the dynamic energy behind them. But still doubt came and questions arose to which there was no immediate answer. How far had these ideas spread? What strength lay behind them, what capacity for organised action, for long endurance?

Our house attracted crowds of pilgrims. It lay conveniently situated near one of the places of

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pilgrimage, Bharadwaj, where in olden times there was a primitive university, and on the days of the mela an endless stream of visitors would come to us, from dawn to dusk. Curiosity, I suppose, brought most of them, and the desire to see well-known persons they had heard of, especially my father. But a large proportion of those who came were politically inclined, and asked questions about the Congress and what it had decided and what was going to happen ; and they were full of their own economic troubles and wanted to know what they should do about them. Our political slogans they knew well, and all day the house resounded with them. I started the day by saying a few words to each group of twenty or fifty or a hundred as it came, one after the other, but soon this proved an impossible undertaking, and I silently saluted them when they came. There was a limit to this, too, and then I tried to hide myself. It was all in vain. The slogans became louder and louder, the verandas of the house were full of these visitors of ours, each door and window had a collection of prying eyes. It was impossible to work or talk or feed or, indeed, do anything. This was not only embarrassing, it was annoying and irritating. Yet there they were, these people looking up with shining eyes full of affection, with generations of poverty and suffering behind them, and still pouring out their gratitude and love and asking for little in return, except fellow-feeling and sympathy. It was impossible not to feel humbled and

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awed by this abundance of affection and devotion.

A dear friend of ours was staying with us at the time, and often it became impossible to carry on any conversation with her, for every five minutes or less I had to go out to say a word or two to a crowd that had assembled, and in between we listened to the slogans and shouting outside. She was amused at my plight and a little impressed, I think, by what she considered my great popularity with the masses. (As a matter of fact the principal attraction was my father, but, as he was away, I had to face the music.) She turned to me suddenly and asked me how I liked this hero-worship. Did I not feel proud of it? I hesitated a little before answering, and this led her to think that she had, perhaps, embarrassed me by too personal a question. She apologised. She had not embarrassed me in the least, but I found the question difficult to answer. My mind wandered away, and I began to analyse my own feelings and reactions. They were very mixed.

It was true that I had achieved, almost accidentally as it were, an unusual degree of popularity with the masses ; I was appreciated by the intelligentsia ; and to young men and women I was a bit of a hero, and a halo of romance seemed to surround me in their eyes. Songs had been written about me, and the most impossible and ridiculous legends had grown up. Even my opponents had often put in a good word for me and patronisingly admitted that I was not lacking in competence or in good faith.

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Only a saint, perhaps, or an inhuman monster could survive all this, unscathed and unaffected, and I can place myself in neither of these categories. It went to my head, intoxicated me a little, and gave me confidence and strength. I became (I imagine so, for it is a difficult task to look at oneself from outside) just a little bit autocratic in my ways, just a shade dictatorial. And yet I do not think that my conceit increased markedly. I had a fair measure of my abilities, I thought, and I was by no means humble about them. But I knew well enough that there was nothing at all remarkable about them, and I was very conscious of my failings. A habit of introspection probably helped me to retain my balance and view many happenings connected with myself in a detached manner. Experience of public life showed me that popularity was often the hand-maiden of undesirable persons ; it was certainly not an invariable sign of virtue or intelligence. Was I popular then because of my failings or my accomplishments? Why indeed was I popular?

Not because of intellectual attainments, for they were not extraordinary, and, in any event, they do not make for popularity. Not because of so-called sacrifices, for it is patent that hundreds and thousands in our own day in India have suffered infinitely more, even to the point of the last sacrifice. My reputation as a hero is entirely a bogus one, and I do not feel at all heroic, and generally the heroic attitude or the dramatic pose in life strikes me as

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silly. As for romance, I should say that I am the least romantic of individuals. It is true that I have some physical and mental courage, but the background of that is probably pride : personal, group, and national, and a reluctance to be coerced into anything.

I had no satisfactory answer to my question. Then I proceeded along a different line of inquiry. I found that one of the most persistent legends about my father and myself was to the effect that we used to send our linen weekly from India to a Paris laundry. We have repeatedly contradicted this, but the legend persists. Anything more fantastic and absurd it is difficult for me to imagine, and if anyone is foolish enough to indulge in this wasteful snobbery, I should have thought he would get a special mention for being a prize fool.

Another equally persistent legend, often repeated in spite of denial, is that I was at school with the Prince of Wales. The story goes on to say that when the Prince came to India in 1921 he asked for me ; I was then in gaol. As a matter of fact, I was not only not at school with him, but I have never had the advantage of meeting him or speaking to him.

I do not mean to imply that my reputation or popularity, such as they are, depend on these or similar legends. They may have a more secure foundation, but there is no doubt that the superstructure has a thick covering of snobbery, as is evidenced by these stories. At any rate, there is the

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idea of mixing in high society and living a life of luxury and then renouncing it all, and renunciation has always appealed to the Indian mind. As a basis for a reputation this does not at all appeal to me. I prefer the active virtues to the passive ones, and renunciation and sacrifice for their own sakes have little appeal for me. I do value them from another point of view — that of mental and spiritual training — just as a simple and regular life is necessary for the athlete to keep in good physical condition. And the capacity for endurance and perseverance in spite of hard knocks is essential for those who wish to dabble in great undertakings. But I have no liking or attraction for the ascetic view of life, the negation of life, the terrified abstention from its joys and sensations. I have not consciously renounced anything that I really valued ; but then values change.

The question that my friend had asked me still remained unanswered : did I not feel proud of this hero-worship of the crowd ? I disliked it and wanted to run away from it, and yet I had got used to it, and when it was wholly absent, I rather missed it. Neither way brought satisfaction, but, on the whole, the crowd had filled some inner need of mine. The notion that I could influence them and move them to action gave me a sense of authority over their minds and hearts ; and this satisfied, to some extent, my will to power. On their part, they exercised a subtle tyranny over me, for their confidence and affection moved inner depths within me and evoked

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emotional responses. Individualist as I was, sometimes the barriers of individuality seemed to melt away, and I felt that it would be better to be accursed with these unhappy people than to be saved alone. But the barriers were too solid to disappear, and I peeped over them with wondering eyes at this phenomenon which I failed to understand.

Conceit, like fat on the human body, grows imperceptibly, layer upon layer, and the person whom it affects is unconscious of the daily accretion. Fortunately the hard knocks of a mad world tone it down or even squash it completely, and there has been no lack of these hard knocks for us in India during recent years. The school of life has been a difficult one for us, and suffering is a hard task-master.

I have been fortunate in another respect also—the possession of family members and friends and comrades, who have helped me to retain a proper perspective and not to lose my mental equilibrium. Public functions, addresses by municipalities and local boards and other public bodies, processions and the like, used to be a great strain on my nerves and my sense of humour and reality. The most extravagant and pompous language would be used, and everybody would look so solemn and pious that I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh, or to stick out my tongue, or stand on my head, just for the pleasure of shocking and watching the reactions on the faces at that august assembly! Fortunately

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for my reputation and for the sober respectability of public life in India, I have suppressed this mad desire and usually behaved with due propriety. But not always. Sometimes there has been an exhibition on my part in a crowded meeting, or more often in processions, which I find extraordinarily trying. I have suddenly left a procession, arranged in our honour, and disappeared in the crowd, leaving my wife or some other person to carry on, perched up in a car or carriage, with that procession.

This continuous effort to suppress one's feelings and behave in public is a bit of a strain, and the usual result is that one puts on a glum and solid look on public occasions. Perhaps because of this I was once described in an article in a Hindu magazine as resembling a Hindu widow! I must say that, much as I admire Hindu widows of the old type, this gave me a shock. The author evidently meant to praise me for some qualities he thought I possessed — a spirit of gentle resignation and renunciation and a smileless devotion to work. I had hoped that I possessed — and, indeed, I wish that Hindu widows would possess — more active and aggressive qualities and the capacity for humour and laughter. Gandhiji once told an interviewer that if he had not had the gift of humour he might have committed suicide, or something to this effect. I would not presume to go so far, but life certainly would have been almost intolerable for me but for the humour and light touches that some people gave to it.

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My very popularity and the brave addresses that came my way, full (as is, indeed, the custom of all such addresses in India) of choice and flowery language and extravagant conceits, became subjects for raillery in the circle of my family and intimate friends. The high-sounding and pompous words and titles that were often used for all those prominent in the national movement, were picked out by my wife and sisters and others and bandied about irreverently. I was addressed as *Bharat Bhushan* — 'Jewel of India' *Tyagamurti* — 'O Embodiment of Sacrifice'; and this light-hearted treatment soothed me, and the tension of those solemn public gatherings, where I had to remain on my best behaviour, gradually relaxed. Even my little daughter joined in the game. Only my mother insisted on taking me seriously, and she never wholly approved of any sarcasm or raillery at the expense of her darling boy. Father was amused; he had a way of quietly expressing his deep understanding and sympathy.

But all these shouting crowds, and dull and wearying public functions, and interminable arguments, and the dust and tumble of politics touched me on the surface only, though sometimes the touch was sharp and pointed. My real conflict lay within me, a conflict of ideas, desires and loyalties, of subconscious depths struggling with outer circumstances, of an inner hunger unsatisfied. I became a battleground, where various forces struggled for mastery. I sought an escape from this; I tried to find harmony

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and equilibrium, and in this attempt I rushed into action. That gave me some peace ; outer conflict relieved the strain of the inner struggle.

Why am I writing all this sitting here in prison? The quest is still the same, in prison or outside, and I write down my past feelings and experiences in the hope that this may bring me some peace and psychic satisfaction.

Autobiography — 1936

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

SKETCH OF FATHER

Poet, playwright, and mystic, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya has been profoundly influenced by Aurobindo Ghose. His poetry is deeper in content than the poetry of his much better known sister, the late Mrs Sarojini Naidu. His brilliant autobiography, *Life and Myself*, the first volume only of which has come out, is, to use his words, 'the story of the conflict of circumstance with the will of man'. As a record of personal reminiscences it is artistically conceived and gracefully written.

Harindranath gives below a short sketch of his father, Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya, who became the head of a most distinguished and cultured family.

HE stands out in my memory even now as some tremendous epoch of large-heartedness, wisdom and spiritual achievement carved into the figure of a broadchested man with a Homeric face, and whom Sarojini has described as one whose 'Homeric laughter brought down the roof'. . . . But his blessing always raised a roof above the heads of the destitute and the homeless. In his house everybody had a place from the most learned astronomer in touch with sidereal systems to the most low-down

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despicable wretch of a thief in touch only with drab living and sordidest mud.

He was not a man, my father, but a veritable epoch : in myriad ways he established eras in realms of knowledge and in the realms of the life of humanity. Untruth was to him taboo : it was something which he could not bear in this world of untruth itself! I remember one or two incidents where untruth made his ' hair stand up as quills upon the fretful porpentine '. One was during the floods of Cuttack, when I was hardly more than thirteen and looked like a child of ten. My sister, Sunalini, had been married then to a lawyer from Cuttack which town she adopted as her own for years. We had gone to her as temporary guests, but at a time when the Mahanadi thought it better that we should quit Cuttack. We had to leave the town in a great hurry, for the river was rising in wrath and threatening everybody who would dare to try and come her way! So, in haste, with hardly a few bundles of clothes we rushed to the station and bought our tickets and travelled third class. A ticket was bought for me on the strength of my looking under age, which meant that we saved a few rupees. On the train I was being congratulated for looking younger than I really was, for it paid to do so. It saved some money! After all, money is more important in this world of geld than truth!

When we arrived at Calcutta, all excited, with a breath that did not want to continue breathing until

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I had divulged the merry secret of the half-ticket, I told father that I had travelled on a half-ticket and that the ticket-collector could not make out that I was over twelve! Father's eyes reddened like a sunset, his lips twitched in divine anger, his hair stood like sentinels on his head guarding the tower of truth; his nose trembled with indignation and his voice almost choked when he raised it like a thunder and said: 'What! cheating the railway company?' I trembled like a leaf in a storm and felt that had father given me a good shoe-beating for the lie to the ticket-collector it would not have hurt as much as father's single sentence: 'What! cheating the railway company! . . . ' On another occasion, and that was when I was smaller still, I must have been somewhere around six or seven, I remember an incident which I do not think I shall ever be able to cancel from my memory, not even in future births, if future births exist, as Hindus say they do. One evening drove into our compound a sealed 'jhatka', screened all round and drawn by a fairly active and self-conscious pony. Father came out of the verandah into the compound when he was told that a certain Begum Saheba had come on very urgent business to interview him and take his advice on certain very urgent matters.

Father was the embodiment of courtesy, a characteristic which cannot be learned but one which comes as heirloom from ancestors. I heard a sort of vague whispering from inside the 'jhatka', for she was a

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Begum, beautiful or ugly, God only knew then (He never seemed to know much about His own creations, though) and when she spoke from behind the purdah, father grew furious and broke into an indignation which resembled that only of gods. 'Where is the whip,' he shouted to the coachman, 'bring the whip and flog this woman!' Afterwards we were told that she had come to request father to do something which was not legal, in the strict sense of the term, and the worst of it was that she had come with a bagful of real gold 'ashrafis' as bribe! When father got angry, and that was only when truth had been insulted, he was the very picture of a mountain-storm which having had its birth on a high peak was determined to sweep away the little structure of the depths.

I also remember that I had told a lie once — (I have told many lies in my time, thanks to a social structure which expects one to utter falsehood calling it by the polite name of tact! Cowardly social structure! unable to bear the truth! Masked falsehood strutting about as truthfulness and culture!) I told a lie and father had got to know of it. 'Baby' he called out. I recognised in the tone of the voice that there was a spiritual doom awaiting me. 'You told a lie?', his large deep eyes rolling and piercing my own with subtle psychic shafts. . . . I was silent, and he timed the blow with a painful pause and then, turning his grand head away, just said: 'Go' O, that 'Go' of father's! Nobody who had

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not known his greatness and his majesty and his stern alliance with integrity can ever understand how that one little word, and the way he said it, had the power of an atom bomb capable of blowing up a whole city of deception.... 'Go!'.... I walked out of the room, feeling an absolute exile.... 'Go'.... O father dear! the way you said a word of rebuke was the most terrible punishment of all!

And yet, when anybody had done a good thing and spoken the truth, father's face lit up like a whole horizon catching the glow of ages which seemed to challenge the darkness which has always tried to fight the light. But while he was warm and appreciative of friends and associates from outside, inside his own home he was apparently reserved with his children where it came to the expression of appreciation.

On one occasion, when one of my sisters had stood first in the university and done brilliantly in her matriculation examination, and everybody came from every quarter to offer warm congratulations to her, father kept very quiet, and after the congratulations were done, he called her aside and said : 'Baby, what is the wonderful thing you have done by standing first in your examination and doing as you have done? It was expected. Had you not stood first, I should have been rather surprised. Go!'

You can now realise that we were under the influence of a father who did not allow of sentiment, while yet being the most emotional man in the world,

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the most human, the most magnificently grand being I have ever come across. . . . and I make this statement impersonally, without the stupid and hollow pride as having been created by him. It is impersonal, a hundred per cent. I have never seen or met a man either of his spiritual integrity or intellectual calibre living a world-life fulfilling every detail with precision and nobility and yet, all the while conscious of the masterpiece of life he was helping to build in his time while respecting the detail.

Absent-minded was not the word for him ; but it was the absent-mindedness of a man who was constantly present in worlds beyond the little world of daily existence with its little fleeting dreams and ambitions. Indeed, there were times when he would seem to be walking above the earth and beyond time. His mind was in touch with the universe, not only through a keen and crystalline intuition which brought infinite truth into the neighbourhood of his breathing and moving, but through hard-won knowledge gathered from books written in several languages ; Hebrew, French, German, Greek, Sanskrit, Bengali, Urdu. . . . He was a linguist, but few knew that his list of languages included the deep and unheard stillness standing without a break, even as a vast horizon stands, almost unnoticed, behind shapes and images which pass across it.

Father was a walking Encyclopaedia. There was nothing he did not know, literally. A morning walk with him for an hour would be enough to give one

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an insight into his interior stores of knowledge and information. Now he would pick up a stone on the way and give a discourse on its formation, and advance a calculation of years which took to shape it. He would raise it to dignity with a big, scientific name and would house it in a high-sounding category which would certainly dispel the feeling that it was just an 'ordinary' stone. And now he would linger before a flower and pour endless details over it, till one began to wonder at his familiarity with it! One would even suspect that he had himself created the flower, the way he described both its exterior and interior mysteries. When we were children we had already learned words like calyx, corolla, stamen, pistil. But the word pistil, somehow, always woke up a recoil in my heart, for it was instinctively associated with a trigger and a bang and then the spurting of blood from somebody's chest!

'There,' he would suddenly point out, 'there goes a beautiful bird' . . . and then he would tell us all about the species to which it belonged and its habits. There again we would believe, for certain, that he was responsible for the creation of that lovely creature of wings and trebles. If a wind blew he would turn our attention to the fact that the wind was blowing, and then go on to inform us as to how and why the wind blew, where it was born, how it began to blow.

He often told us about the stars, as well. He knew them by heart, even more by heart than I knew

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nursery rhymes! He knew all about their orbits and about their distance from us and their speed. We had very early in life heard of light-years and of space being boundless; at that time, Einstein had not turned up with his tantalising proof of space having a boundary. Even today, through a habit of childhood's way of thinking, I prefer to imagine that space is infinite and has no limits at all!

When thunder rumbled my mother would say, poetically, 'There goes the golden chariot of God. Its wheels are rumbling! Wonderful!'...and the next moment, scientific father would very politely and tactfully seat us beside him and explain that two clouds had in their hurry met each other with a terrific bump and that friction was created and there was, as a result, the lightning that we saw and the thunder! Lightning was seen first, and then, we heard the thunder. At an early age we got to know, therefore, that light travelled faster than sound!

Father never tired of filling our minds with general knowledge. He was not afraid of our questions, and sometimes we put him very interesting ones, as most children do. He never met those questions with the abrupt answer: 'Don't be inquisitive!', a convenient way of covering up our own grown-up ignorance. What was there, we wondered, that father did not know?

When I met Rabindranath in 1939, at Shantiniketan, he said: 'Do you know that I have described your father in my story "Hungry Stones"?' I said

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that I knew. At the very start of the story you find a man being described as one who was the very Lord of the Universe, for he talked as if he was in touch with every detail of it! But father literally answered to the description. He would often say: 'Baby, I am God....you are God!' and we children would feel quite hurt, since we were brought up in a Christian school, the St. Georges' Grammar School where we were taught that God was in the heavens; yet, somehow, the only detail in which God resembled father was, perhaps, his long flowing beard! Of course, as we grow older now we realise the great truth of that statement: 'I am God, you are God;.. Aham Brahma, An-al-Haq, I am That I am'....What greater god can there be than man who is striving constantly to return to the knowledge which he has lost that he is infinity, is unqualified power, is creator of all that exists and glows and fades around him and above him?

There is one incident which I shall never forget. It relates to two great men, one of them being my father. I was travelling from Calcutta to Hyderabad Deccan, long years ago, when I was growing into manhood, and the first streak of moustache, which flatters youth, was showing on my upper lip. I travelled second those days feeling a sneaking contempt for third-class travelling and travellers! I was in khaki shorts and wore a silk shirt and boasted an expensive hat. Soon after I had got into the compartment, a little small-made man got in, wearing a

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check-coat which seemed to have seen many weathers. Numbers of young Bengali students were making a fuss about and around him; they brought in his luggage and attended to his comforts. There was a young fellow among them particularly who had struck me as being 'somebody'; his face was lit with a glow which seemed partly inspired by his devotion to the little man in the check-coat.

When the train left Howrah, the little man and I were sole occupants of the compartment. 'Well, young man!' he started, and took me aback for a moment, for I could not associate the English language with his type, his queer-cut coat, and the peculiar smell about his person which was that of a villager. 'Where are you going?' 'I am going to Hyderabad,' I replied, beginning rather to like the man, and to be interested in him. 'In that case, we shall have a right royal tea tomorrow morning!' 'May I know who you are?' I asked, not suspecting that he was also a 'somebody'. 'They call me P. C. Ray'....I felt for a moment that a thunder-cloud had burst and a bolt of lightning struck my head. What! I thought to myself, and then in a childish manner, I asked with some nervousness.... 'Are you the great P. C. Ray, the scientist?'....He smiled gently, and with no trace of pose, he replied. 'Yes, but there are greater scientists than myself at this moment travelling third class on the same train.... They are my students. You will hear of them some day!'....He was not exaggerating in the

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least, as we now know, for many of those very students have become world-celebrated as original research-workers in the realms of science. One of them was Meghnad Shaha.

'So, you are going to Hyderabad. I have a very dear friend there. . . . Have you heard of Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya?' I have always been a fairly good actor, so I indulged in a bit of acting chiefly through curiosity for I wanted to have his opinion about father.

'Why, yes, of course, he is well known in Hyderabad. What do you think of him, Sir?' . . .

P. C. Ray cast a glance at the rushing trees and the telegraph poles through the window. 'Aghorenath is one of our greatest geniuses, one of the very greatest Bengal has given to the world. But he should have come straight to Bengal after his return from Europe. Instead of that he went and settled down in the Nizam's Dominions where he has not been appreciated as he would have been in Bengal! But he is a great scientist, one of our very greatest' . . .

I could not help paying a tribute to his tribute of father, and the most natural way was expressed by my eye which shed a tiny, almost unnoticed tear. The time came for me to leave him and wait for another train which would take me to Hyderabad. I lingered long by the window of that compartment, feeling a strange pang of sadness to leave my fellow-passenger whom the world flocked to see and who had come

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for a few hours into my young life so spontaneously and without any stupid formality!

Just when the train was about to start I said : ' Sir, I am grateful for the journey with you. I want to tell you that I am Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, the youngest son of Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya ' The scientist flung his arms through the window, while the train had started to move, and embraced me walking beside the train, and his parting message was : ' Be great yourself, my boy! my blessings are with you. Tell Aghorenath that Bengal misses him.'

Life and Myself — 1948

Kanaiyalal Maniklal Munshi

HOW HE WROTE HIS FIRST NOVELS

Kanaiyalal Maniklal Munshi is probably the greatest living writer in Gujarati today. He enjoys the unique distinction of being eminent in two spheres—literature and politics. Great, however, as his political services have been in the cause of Indian freedom, it is as a creative artist that Mr Munshi's fame is likely to endure. Since 1913 when under the pseudonym of 'Ghanshyam' he first published his romantic story, *Verni Vasulat*, in serials in a Gujarati weekly, he has never ceased to dominate the Gujarati literary scene. Mr Munshi is equally at home in fiction, drama, history, and autobiography. It is a pity that his 'memoirs' in Gujarati—unique of their kind in Indian literature—have not yet been translated into English.

In the following extract Mr Munshi narrates his first experiences as a novelist.

I WILL tell you of a little maiden, Tanman, which sprang from the imagination of a fresh lawyer. She was the dream-bride of a college student; for years he had created her out of longing, tears and despair.

I created her in my first novel for she was haunting me. But, as the world is made, the immediate reason

Kanaiyalal Maniklal Munshi

was the offer of 70 annas every week by an enterprising weekly ; and I wanted the money for my dhobi, part-time servant and vegetables. I concealed my identity as her author, for, I was afraid of creating an impression on old solicitors that I was doing something so hideously unprofessional as to write about the loves of little girls. Particularly I stood in dread of old Jamietram, the great solicitor, who was sponsoring my entry into the Bombay Bar ; for he always told me that law was a jealous mistress. And I hated all mistresses, jealous or tolerant.

But every Monday—the weekly instalment was published on every Sunday—the old solicitors talked, expressing themselves about the little heroine with a glint in their eyes which belied the years that they carried on their shoulders.

Then I wrote my first historical novel. Without my intending it, I had hurt the feelings of young Jain friends by portraying a Jain Sadhu. With characteristic modernity, they wanted to collect funds and approach the government for sanction to prosecute the unknown author who had, according to them, attempted to create hostilities between classes of His Majesty's subjects. And like veritable Sherlock Holmes, they tried to track down this vile criminal.

I came to know about it and trembled. The vision of a placard 'King Emperor *vs.* Kanaiyalal Munshi' haunted me day and night. I was penniless, and knew not how I could defend myself. I saw before me my career gone, my future blasted.

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In my wretchedness I turned to Jamietramkaka. I went to his office and confessed that I had been writing novels. In high wrath he exploded. 'I knew you couldn't stick to your profession.' I collapsed.

'What did you write?' he angrily asked.

'*Verni Vasulat*', I muttered.

The name worked as a magic charm. His face dissolved in beaming chuckles. 'The story of Tanman. Oh! wonderful! wonderful!'

If he had been eighteen and Tanman had been a reality, many things, I found, would have been in danger.

My way was clear. I was no longer the wretched betrayer of that jealous mistress, law. I had created Tanman. He introduced me to an eminent Jain solicitor, who shook me by the hands vigorously. I was no longer a junior waiting for his briefs. I had given him in his old age a dream-bride which he possibly had missed all his life.

Tanman took Gujarat by storm. Boys tried to find her in life and sighed. Girls cursed me for having killed so lovely a creature when so young. When I went to the Hindu University four years ago, in the eyes of the Gujarati boys who welcomed me, my only merit was to have created her. A young lady in Ahmedabad read the young heroine's tale and developed a desire to meet the author. It was a dangerous pastime. She met the author seven years afterwards—with what disastrous results you all know. She had to change her name for mine.

Kanaiyalal Maniklal Munshi

Something much more terrific happened to Munj, Prithvi Vallabha, the World's Darling. This king of Malwa of the tenth century was born in Munshi, literature in 1918. He was the gay, amoral man, radiating power and love, extracting joy from every moment, true to himself under all conditions—in conquest, defeat, prison, in love, when betrayed and sentenced to death. Critics fell on me like voracious tigers—Munj was so immoral! The truth was that in him the readers saw the man who lived as most people wanted to live but dared not.

Prithvi Vallabha went on the stage and after twenty-four years is still some attraction. He has gone into Hindi, Tamil, Bengali; even Sanskrit recently. He went on the silent screen. In Modi's garbled screen version of it, he travelled all over India. I was present at its *premiere* release at Lahore and I saw how the crowd reacted to the triumphant attitude of Munj to life! To Gandhiji, not familiar with what is art for art's sake, this book was suggested as a specimen. He read it, was unhappy with it, and wrote me severely. How I—whom he knew so well—could write it! I humbly replied: 'I created him when I was a struggling junior. He came out of my imagination; how he came I know not; and since he has come, his vivid personality has found a place in men's hearts. Had he not a right to exist?'

Then I have played on the Mother India theme in fiction, social and historical, in essay and history.

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Visions of her ancient grandeur and glorious destiny, and pictures of those who have made her what she is during centuries, floated before me.

Thus wise, I created the modern woman with the right to love as she wills and live her own life ; the man who is prepared to live the life that he is born to, unabashed and triumphant ; the joys of man and woman, the joys of the flesh, of the united minds and the linked wills ; the joy of life as it is lived — richly, spontaneously and sinlessly ; the vivid worship of the Mother in which our old time love of *Bharat*, our collective urge for social synthesis and our dominant political consciousness were fused and transformed into the triumphant Nationalism of the day ; and above all the search and portrayal of Beauty, rising above and beyond prudery, convention, tradition and the transient fashions of passing generations.

I did not bring these elements to literature. I was but the unconscious vehicle of the Renaissance which the contact with the West has produced in India.

Munshi : His Art and Work — 1947

Vijayalakshmi Pandit .

SO I BECAME A MINISTER

Mrs Vijayalakshmi Pandit is India's Ambassador to the United States of America. Sister of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Vijayalakshmi is distinguished in her own right. She first came to international notice by her advocacy of the Indian cause against South Africa at San Francisco, where her gift of eloquence was matched only by her charm and polish. Mrs Pandit joined the Provincial Cabinet of the United Provinces in 1937 as Minister of Local Self-Government, and later resigned along with other Congress Ministers when war broke out. She has travelled widely, and is among the dozen well-known women of the world.

Mrs Pandit describes here half-humorously her first reactions to her duties and environment as a Minister when she entered the U. P. Cabinet.

I WONDER how far people realize that one gets out of life just what one puts into it, and it is because so many people do not put in what is best in them that the return they get is poor, resulting in a constant state of dissatisfaction and boredom.

I am one of those fortunate individuals who have always been able to get a thrill out of life, and I can honestly say the occasions when I have been bored

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have been exceedingly rare. Difficulties, opposition, criticism — these things are meant to be overcome, and there is a special joy in facing them and coming out on top. It is only when there is nothing but praise that life loses its charm and I begin to wonder what I should do about it!

Joining the Ministry with this outlook on life, it seemed fairly obvious to me that whatever the difficulties in doing work for which I had no training or previous experience, I was going to get something very satisfying out of it. Because of this, and also because I knew there would be many who would question my ability to handle such an important and difficult task, I did not hesitate unduly in accepting the responsibility of Ministership. Somewhere, way back in my genealogical line there must have existed an ancestor (or was it perhaps an ancestress!) who loved a fight, and this fighting blood has certainly been transmitted to me and rejoices whenever there is a chance to prove its mettle. So I became a Minister.

My knowledge of a Council in action was confined to a few occasions when, as a girl, I had sat in the Visitors' gallery in the Assembly Chamber in Delhi or Simla during the days when my father led the Swaraj party opposition in the Assembly.

I had exceedingly vague idea of the duties of a Minister when, on the 18th July, 1937, I entered my office-room in the Civil Secretariat for the first time. A young man presented himself and announced that

Vijayalakshmi Pandit

he was my Personal Assistant. I wondered what that meant and decided to seek information later. Meanwhile I was more interested in the room where I would, in future, have to spend a good deal of my time. There was a large writing table in the centre of the room and an equally large leather covered sofa against the wall. The rest of the space was occupied by innumerable chairs, small tables and book-shelves and looked like a second-hand furniture dealer's shop. A perfectly impassable pink carpet struck a discordant note against the apple green distemper on the walls and a layer of dust covered everything. I stood in the doorway and surveyed the room with a sinking heart. However could I sit here and concentrate on important matters? Very hesitatingly I asked the Personal Assistant if it was possible to remove some of the unwanted furniture and was relieved to hear that this was permissible. Straightway I took my courage in my hands and started giving orders.

The pink carpet was quickly removed and by dint of a few compliments to the dear old man who was caretaker, a delightful beige and bluish-green one was substituted. The angles of the writing table and sofa were changed, unnecessary chairs and book-shelves sent to the godown, and a couple of restful blue-green curtains obtained from my house and hung up. Things began to look much better. I felt I could now spend some time in this room without being oppressed — yet something still seemed lack-

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ing — of course, flowers! I sent for a green 'Khurja' bowl from the Arts and Crafts Emporium across the road and asked for it to be filled with roses, which I had seen growing in profusion in the Secretariat Gardens as I passed through. My request was met by a horrified silence. Eventually, the caretaker summoned up his courage. 'But Madam you can't have flowers in here, it has never been done before.' 'Hasn't it,' I said with well feigned surprise, 'then it's time someone began. I think I shall go down to the garden and pick some now.' This was too much. The idea of a Cabinet Minister, armed with a pair of scissors, cutting roses in the sacred precincts of the Secretariat garden, was not to be borne. Hastily the caretaker went out promising to bring the roses himself, and from that day it has become the established custom for a bowl of flowers to brighten my office.

Last year during their visit to Lucknow Lord and Lady Samuel came to see me. Seeing him look at my green bowl, filled that day with lovely crimson roses, I felt slightly nervous and began a sort of apology for having flowers in an office — Lord Samuel cut me short — 'what lovely roses,' he said, 'always surround yourself with flowers, they are such a help!'

And so having arranged the room to my satisfaction I turned my thoughts to more important things. There were a large number of files on the table. How on earth should I tackle them? Evidently it

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was no one's business to initiate me into the mysteries of reading a file. I had better teach myself. I looked through them and chose one that looked less complicated than the rest and began to read from the first page. It turned out to be interesting — soon I was engrossed in it and by the time I had read it through, felt quite competent to pass an order. Without hesitation I put down my opinion. After this I went on with greater confidence to the next file and by the time the afternoon was over I had learnt the proper method of reading a file and had also dealt with several important matters. Not a bad day's work!

My second trial was when my departmental Secretary introduced himself to me. I have always had an inferiority complex when confronted by tall people, and I was not pleased when a giant — six feet odd in height — came into my room. Never was I more conscious of my lack of height than when I stood up to shake hands with him. Good heavens! I thought — do I have to give orders to this exceedingly tall Englishman — however shall I manage? But manage I did, and if his opinion is to be believed, I managed very well!

My Parliamentary Secretary was the next obstacle in my path. I had not met him before, though I knew him by reputation. I had scarcely got used to daily dealings with the Departmental Secretary and the Personal Assistant when this third man loomed threateningly on my horizon. Why were all these

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men necessary — life, I felt, was going to be difficult after all. But once again fortune came to my aid. The Parliamentary Secretary soon fell in with my ways and after the first few days of adjustment, we were able to work in a smooth and satisfactory manner.

Inevitably there must be a softening of the angularities when men and women work together, and in a very little while it was apparent to me that the notes submitted by my various Secretaries were couched in gentler and more chivalrous language! My experience in preparing my first budget will illustrate this point.

During the days preceding the presentation of the Budget in the House I seemed to be surrounded by figures. I swam in a sea composed of noughts and my very dreams were disturbed by them. Never having learnt sufficient arithmetic in spite of the efforts of the best masters this period was a sore trial for me, and in a mood of despair I wrote to my Parliamentary Secretary as follows : ' These figures alarm me. Will P. S. kindly explain?' Swift came the reply ' Figures alarm you? I cannot believe it. I know H. M. is prepared to face battalions and mould the destiny of nations. I can only take her note as an encouragement to me in my work ' — an explanatory note was attached! The figures certainly seemed less alarming after this!

My experiences in the Assembly itself would fill a volume, and it is difficult to choose from amongst

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them. It was impossible for me to look upon the Assembly with the seriousness it deserved. From the Treasury benches I saw before me men whom I had known from childhood as clients and, in many instances, friends of my father's. I couldn't suddenly begin to think of them as dangerous opponents. Besides, they weren't dangerous — not to anyone but themselves. The views they represented belonged to a comparatively small group and their rather limited vision, so it seemed to me, would, in the long run injure them more than the policy they opposed in the Assembly. And so the Council Chamber also presented to me its humorous side.

Came the day when I had to make my maiden speech. The first Government resolution rejecting the Government of India Act and demanding a new Act to be framed by a Constituent Assembly was to be moved by our Premier. Unfortunately he was ill and confined to bed and for some reason his choice fell on me, and I was informed that I should have to move the most important resolution of the Session.

I was not new to public speaking, but I had never before spoken in the Assembly and felt slightly nervous as I sat waiting for the Speaker to call my name. Suddenly I remembered what my father always used to tell me. 'Don't ever be nervous,' he would say. 'Prepare your speech, then forget it, and address your audience as if they knew less than nothing.' I suddenly felt brave. After all I knew

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what I wanted to say. Why should I feel nervous of people whom I had known from childhood? I stood up and spoke. The speech went smoothly and so vanished the last remnants of stage fright.

My first Civic Address gave me an insight into the way things were managed in the 'ancient regime'. I was due to visit a certain town and had consented to receive an address from the Municipal Board. Imagine my surprise when, a few days before my visit, I received a copy of the Municipal Board's address together with suggestions for the reply I had to give. I rubbed my eyes. Surely things didn't happen like this outside a story book. I felt annoyed and sent the reply back to the authorities concerned with the remark that I felt capable of giving an adequate reply to any address I might receive, and have always continued to speak *ex tempore* at all public functions including replies to civic addresses.

It has been an interesting, even fascinating, task familiarizing myself with various Acts and points of law. There has been pleasure in the working up of a difficult case and in the ultimate passing of an order one felt right and just. The greatest satisfaction of all has been the thought that, in however small a way, one was helping to dispel the age-old tradition that woman could not do man's work. And as I look back on the last two years I see them full of a rich and very varied experience which has added to my understanding of life. There have been times of disillusion and distress and a feeling of helpless-

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ness in face of tremendous odds, yet this period of Ministership cannot ever be entirely wasted. The lessons I have learnt have been of value and their worth will increase as the years go by and I find myself faced with other and perhaps more difficult problems.

From where I sit and write* I see before me range upon range of purple mountains stretching in an unending chain, their peaks almost merging with the blue of the sky above. Such it seems to me is the never-ending progress of human thought and activity, each thought current slightly bigger than the one before until one more perfect than the rest changes the world and a new conception of an age-old principle takes shape. One such thought current has been born in our midst to-day, and as it goes onwards in ever-widening circles, I feel that we are moving daily nearer to the fulfilment of our hearts' desire, an independent India.

* Khali.

So I Became a Minister — 1939

• Sachchidananda Sinha

I AM ADMITTED TO SCHOOL

Dr Sachchidananda Sinha is a distinguished journalist and public man. For nearly fifty years his journal, *The Hindustan Review*, has moulded the cultural and intellectual life of educated Indians, and there was a time when this periodical wielded as much power in the country as the *Review of Reviews*, edited by W. T. Stead, did in England. Although he is over seventy-five, he is one of the most brilliant *raconteurs* alive in the country. He was selected to preside over the first sitting of the Indian Constituent Assembly after Independence.

His autobiography, which he rightly calls *Recollections and Reminiscences of a Long Life*, and which is still incomplete, is a faithful record of a past generation. Sachchidananda Sinha relates here the story of his admission to school and his early school experiences.

I WAS just five years old when my father initiated me into the three Rs by performing the ceremony called in those days, even amongst Hindus, as *maktab*, a Persian word, which had become thoroughly neutralised amongst the community to which my family belonged. This word was current amongst us by reason of the close association of our community with the Mussalmans. Such contact had existed

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between the Mussalmans and the members of my community for centuries, with the result that a number of institutions and customs of the Muslims had been adopted by the members of my community, just as a large number of customs and institutions of the Hindus had been adopted by the Muslims, as the result of the intimate contact between the two communities for centuries. The Sanskrit word now generally used amongst the Hindus, called *Vidya-arambh*, (which means precisely the same thing as *maktab*) was then practically unknown amongst us. On the day fixed for the performance of the ceremony, my house wore a festive appearance. Friends and relations had been invited in large numbers, and had come from even outside Arrah, and the local gentry were all assembled by noon, when the ceremony was to be performed. It began with the family priest, chanting Sanskrit *slokas* which, of course, nobody understood in those days, except perhaps the few Pandits present on the occasion.

I am speaking of nearly seventy years from now, when the study of Sanskrit in Bihar, even amongst the literary classes to which my family belonged, had fallen into complete decadence. Even Hindi (the Hinduised form of Hindustani) — which is now so popular amongst Hindus — was then scarcely known in Bihar. The court and official language of the province of Bihar was, broadly speaking, highly Persianised Hindustani (popularly known as Urdu), and it was a knowledge of it which was naturally

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acquired by those who aspired either to official position, or to the leadership of the Bar. At the same time traces of Hinduism had not completely disappeared from amongst even such Muslimised communities as the one to which my family belonged. Accordingly after the Muslim *maulvi* had caught hold of my hand, and made me write out, on a slate, the first few letters of the Perso-Arabic alphabet (in which Urdu is usually written), the seniormost of the Pandits present made me similarly write out the first five letters of the Deonagri alphabet, in which Sanskrit and Hindi are usually written and printed in Upper India.

To me, however, the most interesting part of the ceremony was not my having been made to scribble the characters of the two scripts, on a slate, as the distribution of the sweets which followed immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony. The two sweets which had been specially prepared in large quantity for the ceremony were called *batashas* and *illaichidanas* which were cloyingly sweet to the taste, and as such most palatable to me, and my friends. It goes without saying that all the members of the family had been presented by my parents with new clothes, and those provided for me, were naturally the most expensive which my father's means could afford. The initiation ceremony, however, was not quite finished at the time it was performed, and part of it remained to be gone through the next day, when a teacher of English

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was called to make me go through a similar process of writing the Roman alphabet, as I had been made to do, the previous day, in the case of Urdu and Hindi scripts.

My father had accordingly to appoint three tutors to help me in my studies at home, one to teach English, another to teach Hindi, and a third one (a Muslim *maulvi*) to teach Persian and Urdu, along with a number of other boys, who all came to my house daily to take their lessons with me. It was this institution which was known as *maktab*, and had come in the wake of the spread of Muslim system of education in the country. It required one fairly well-to-do person in an area to engage the services of a *maulvi* to teach his son, or sons, Persian and Urdu at his house, but at which the boys of the neighbouring houses also would come and receive tuition on payment of such small fees as their poor parents could afford. This system had become thoroughly naturalised amongst those classes of Hindus also who were desirous of cultivating a knowledge of Persian and Urdu, but the changed conditions under the influence of the British system had made this very useful institution practically disappear from Upper India, at any rate in the towns, from amongst the Hindus.

II

After receiving education at home, for one year, in English, Urdu and Hindi, under my three tutors,

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I was considered sufficiently advanced to be admitted into the High School of my native town, a Government institution, known as the Zila School, *i.e.*, the school for the whole district. Accordingly on a day, which was considered by my mother auspicious, my father took me with him to the headmaster of the Arrah Zila School for my admission as a scholar. The Arrah Zila School at that time (1877) had ten pre-matriculation classes. Ordinarily I should have taken my admission into the lowest class, the eleventh, but the result of my one year's study at home had qualified me better than the average student of my age, with the result that after examining me the headmaster congratulated my father on the progress I had made in my studies, and told him that he would admit me into the tenth class. And so, in February 1877, I began my school career as a scholar of the tenth class of the Arrah Zila School, where I studied for about ten years. My progress as a young scholar was satisfactory in the opinion of my tutors, and also of my father and his friends. Before I had been a month at school I had worked my way up to the group of the five or six students who occupied, in almost every subject, the highest position in the class.

I was promoted, from year to year, at the end of the annual examinations held by the school authorities, and I used to stand high up in the list of successful candidates. Of course, all subjects were then taught to us through the medium of English,

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except the two languages, Hindi and Urdu, the study of which was then compulsory for all scholars, irrespective of their being Hindus or Muslims. This system had, unfortunately, long since been changed ; and I believe it has now been made optional with the student in Upper India to take only Hindi or Urdu, as he may like. The result of this change has been highly detrimental, since almost all the Hindu and Muslim boys now learn only Hindi or Urdu respectively. I am satisfied that as the result of the education that was imparted to me at school, for the first five or six years of my career as a scholar, I have been able to possess far better qualifications for coping with my work in various spheres of activities than it would otherwise have been possible for me to have done. The result of the present system of education in the languages of the country is, that although the spoken idiom is still more or less common to both the Hindus and the Muslims, there is a vast divergence in the written style of the two forms of Hindustani known as Hindi and Urdu respectively. The result has been highly detrimental to the growth and development of a common literature and a common culture.

III

In 1884, I was promoted to the fourth standard when bifurcation had to be made in the study of language, the student being called upon to take up.

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in place of the modern Indian languages, either Arabic or Persian, or Sanskrit. So far as Arabic was concerned the study of it had become dead in the Government schools even at that time, and scarcely even any Muslim student cared to take up Arabic ; but Persian (or as it is now called Iranian) was then taken up not only by almost all the Muslim students but even by a fairly large number of Hindu students. Unfortunately, I was ill-advised to take up Sanskrit instead of Persian, under some kind of patriotic impulse. But I had to pay a heavy price for my wrong choice for a period of no less than sixteen months. The Calcutta University had directed that thereafter the academic year would extend from July to June, instead of, as till then, from January to December, as a result of which the academic session of that particular year lasted from January 1884 till April 1885, when the school closed for the long vacation.

The Head Pandit of the school who used to teach us Sanskrit was a native of Benares. He was reputed to be a good scholar of Sanskrit but he little understood, I fear, the art of teaching young boys, such a difficult and unfamiliar subject as Sanskrit. The result was that I completely lost ground in the Sanskrit class ; while still retaining my position in the other subjects amongst the topmost boys of the class. I was relegated to the bottom of the class almost daily by the Head Pandit. That was bad enough in all conscience, but that was not all. The

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Head Pandit, as it seemed to me then, took a malicious delight in humiliating me before the class, from day to day. The moment he arrived in the class, he would put some question to me, and on my failure to give him satisfactory answer, he would roll about his eyes in fine frenzy, and would shout at the pitch of his voice : ' Sachchidananda, go down to the bottom of the class, and stand up on the bench with your face towards the wall ' !

This had become the daily routine. Nothing I could do would satisfy the Head Pandit, who was always bitter and sarcastic in his remarks about me. He would often say : ' Why do you not join the Persian class instead of trying to learn Sanskrit, which your forefathers never learned. '

These incidents embittered my life, and infuriated me not only against the Head Pandit, but even against a study of Sanskrit itself. And while standing on the bench with my face towards the wall, I was all the time swearing hard at, and cursing impartially, both against the Head Pandit and the study of Sanskrit. I bore my sufferings meekly and patiently, but swore eternal vengeance both against the Head Pandit and Sanskrit, and at last I succeeded in my effort. Of course I was declared to have failed in Sanskrit at the annual examination, but I had done so remarkably well in all the other subjects that the Head Master, differing from the Head Pandit, who insisted on my detention in the same class for another academic year (evidently with a

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view to improve my Sanskrit) promoted me to the next higher class. After my promotion, I told my father that I was so disgusted with Sanskrit as taught by the Head Pandit, that I would never be able to pass the matriculation examination unless I was allowed to appear in Persian instead of Sanskrit, and I appealed to him to exert his influence with the Head Master of the school to allow me to change Sanskrit for Persian.

This was by no means easy, as the rules then in force gave no discretion to the Head Master to permit such a change, and the matter required being reported, to the Inspector of schools, at Patna. Very fortunately for me, the relations between the Head Master and the Head Pandit were rather strained, and the Head Master forwarded to the Inspector my father's application with a strong recommendation that I should be allowed to take Persian for my further studies. The Inspector passed orders in terms of the recommendation made by the Head Master. And so when my father received a copy of the Inspector's order, through the Head Master, I felt that my triumph was complete, and that I had at last been revenged upon the Head Pandit ; and so my joy knew no bounds. Accordingly on the date of the reopening of the school, instead of attending the Persian class — as I should have done — I walked in majestically into the Sanskrit class first.

The Head Pandit was already sore on account of my promotion, in spite of his insistence on my

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detention, and so the moment I took my seat at the bottom of the class (at which place I had been made to stand up on the bench with my face towards the wall for a period of sixteen long months) he spoke to me snappishly with almost withering contempt : ' So the Head Master had promoted you in spite of my objection, but you are not likely to improve at all, and are sure to be detained at the end of the year, when you are bound to fail miserably ! ' ' I suppose,' he went on to say, ' you are prepared to stand up on the bench again with your face towards the wall throughout the year. Well, I wish you joy of it.'

I felt so jubilant at my having scored against him with the Inspector's order in my pocket that I thought I would give him some suitable reply, but he looked so ferocious that my lips failed to answer his taunt. I quietly walked up to him, bowed low, and placed before him the Inspector's order on my father's application. The Head Pandit could scarcely believe his eyes. He could speak nothing for some minutes. He was truly flabbergasted ; at last he could speak but a few words, and he did. He spoke so rapidly that I had a difficult job in making out what he said, but I gathered that what he desired to convey to me was that I should walk out of the class at once and never show my face to him again ; I never did appear before him, though I continued my studies in the Zila School at Arrah for another three years. The Head Pandit probably thought he had

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made an outcaste of me, as he would always turn his face away when he would see me pass before him ; but the general opinion in the school gave me credit for having routed him.

Recollections and Reminiscences of a Long Life — 1947

Surendranath Banerjea

THE SECRET OF GREAT ORATORY

Sir Surendranath Banerjea was one of the founders of the Indian National Congress, of which he twice became President. Seceding from the Congress when it fell under Mahatma Gandhi's influence, Surendranath Banerjea joined the Indian National Liberal Federation, which the dissident Liberal leaders had founded. During his early years Surendranath did active service in the cause of *Swadeshi* and Partition in Bengal, and he was acknowledged until his death as one of the foremost orators in English. He took to public life after he had been dismissed from the Indian Civil Service on a minor charge. For many years he edited the *Bengalee* with distinction. He also founded the Ripon College, and his influence on the youths of Bengal at one time was so great that he was called the 'Uncrowned King of Bengal'. After his secession from the Congress his power declined, and although he rose to become the Minister of Self Government and was knighted, his death in Calcutta passed without much public notice.

In the following pages Surendranath tells the requisites of a successful orator, and what was his own practice.

IN the year 1895, I was for the first time elected President of the Indian National Congress. The Congress was held that year at Poona, the capital

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of the Deccan, and an important intellectual centre in the western presidency. Early in November, I received a wire from Mr Mahadeo Govind Ranade offering me the Presidentship of the Congress. I replied the same day thankfully accepting the offer. In those days there was no eager competition, no canvassing for the honour. The Reception Committee selected the President, and their decision was acquiesced in without demur. If I remember rightly, it was in 1906 that the first signs of a contest for the Presidentship showed themselves. They culminated in the break-up of the Surat Congress in the following year, and the unhappy schism that followed. The contest was synchronous with the development of strong differences of opinion in the Congress camp soon after the Partition of Bengal, and the apparent failure of constitutional methods.

Mr Ranade was, in regard to all public movements in the western presidency, the power behind the throne. A public servant, loyal to the Government, with that true loyalty, not born of personal motives, or of passing impulses, but having its roots in the highest considerations of expediency and the public good, he was the guide, philosopher and friend of the public men of the western presidency; and all public movements, were they political, social or religious, bore the impress of his masterful personality. I came in contact with him while quite young in my career as a public man. When I went to Poona in 1877 in connexion with the Civil Service question

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I was his guest. I was as much impressed by his great talents and his ardent patriotism, as by the simplicity of his domestic surroundings, and the loveliness and nobility of his personal character.

Having accepted the Presidentship, I applied myself to the task of preparing the presidential speech. It was Herculean work ; and on both occasions — for I was honoured twice with this high office — I found it to be so. I had my professorial duties in the College. I was in sole charge of the *Bengalee* newspaper. I had my municipal work to attend to, for I was then a member of the Calcutta Corporation. I followed a simple plan. I used to return home to Barrackpore every day by two o'clock in the afternoon, and start writing my speech. I would allow no interruption of any kind to divert me from the steady pursuit of this programme. I would ruthlessly say ' No ' to every intruder. Save only once. I remember my friend, Ashutosh Biswas, coming up to me at Barrackpore while I was engaged in this work, to canvass for my vote for a gentleman who stood as a candidate for the Vice-Chairmanship of the Calcutta Corporation. I could refuse nothing to Ashutosh Biswas. I said I could give him only ten minutes, and he did not take more than five.

For two hours every day, and from day to day, I was absorbed in this work, alone in my house, for my family were at the time at Allahabad owing to my boy's illness ; and the speech grew until it became, I fear, one of the biggest ever delivered from the

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presidential chair of the Congress. After two hours' hard work at the speech I used to have my regular constitutional walk on the riverside for three-quarters of an hour, when the whole of what I had written would be thought over, repeated and corrected, and the corrections subsequently embodied in the manuscript. This work was continued for six weeks without interruption, with my mind centred on the performance with all the power of concentration of which I was capable. I delivered the whole of my speech without referring to any notes, except perhaps when there was a long string of figures. The delivery took over four hours, and I think I was able, during the whole of that time, to keep up, undiminished and without flagging, the attention of a vast assembly of over five thousand people.

I have often been asked to explain the secret of my being able to make long speeches without reference to a single note, and even to reproduce passages that I have thought over in my mind. Perhaps it is an incommunicable secret ; the speaker himself hardly knows. Much depends upon the arrangement and upon the construction of the sentences. If the order be natural, logical and consistent, it is an aid to the memory. If the sentences are rhythmical, they imprint themselves on the mind, the cadence helping the memory. Lord Salisbury used to say that his finest sentences, as they occurred to him while preparing his speeches, burnt themselves upon his mind. That I believe is true of all who have practised the art of

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public speaking. After all, preparation is the great thing. It is indeed the one thing needed. Genius, as Carlyle has truly observed, is an infinite capacity for taking pains. A speech is not worth listening to, John Bright used to say, unless it has been carefully prepared. The great English orator would absent himself sometimes from Cabinet meetings, when preparing his more important speeches. It is constant preparation that fits you for the impromptu debate, that gives you the command of words, the readiness of resource, in a word the mental equipment of the accomplished debater. A successful debater is not necessarily a great orator. The qualifications of the orator are moral rather than intellectual. It is the emotions that inspire the noblest thoughts and invest them with their colour and their distinctive character.

Let no one aspire to be an orator who does not love his country, love her indeed with a true and soul-absorbing love. Country first, all other things next, is the creed of the orator. Unless he has been indoctrinated in it, baptized with the holy fire of love of country, the highest intellectual gifts will not qualify him to be an orator. Aided by them, he may indeed be a fluent debater, an expert in the presentment of his case, a fascinating speaker, able to please, amuse and even to instruct ; but without the higher patriotic or religious emotions he will not possess the supreme power of moving men, inspiring them with lofty ideals and the passion for the worship of the

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good, the true and the beautiful. The equipment of the orator is thus moral, and nothing will help him so much as constant association with the master-minds of humanity, of those who have worked and suffered, who have taught and preached great things, who have lived dedicated lives, consecrated to the service of their country or of their God.

Addressing a body of young men, many, many years ago, on the art of public speaking, I said to them, 'You must live in a high and holy atmosphere fragrant with the breath of the gods. Burke, Mazzini, Jesus Christ, Buddha, Mohamed, Chaitanya, Ram Mohun Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, must be your constant companions. Your soul must be attuned to the pathos and the music of the *Bande-Matarama*.' All that is best and truest must form a part of the moral composition of the orator. Let him have it — in whatever measure he can, but he must have it — and the words will come gurgling from the fountains of the heart. His intellectual equipment, though important, is subsidiary. The moral takes precedence.

Among the intellectual qualifications to which I attach the utmost importance is the power of concentration. Gladstone possessed it in a pre-eminent degree. It is useful in all walks of life. To the orator, who can always live in the midst of his thoughts, arranging them for impressive presentment, the quality is especially valuable. I have zealously cultivated it through life and have found it a valuable aid to all my efforts. When a boy of

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only eleven years of age, I remember coming down in a boat to Calcutta from Manirampore near Barrackpore, our ancestral home. My father, my eldest brother, my cousin, the late Dwaraka Nath Banerjee, barrister-at-law, and one or two others were in the boat. They were engaged in a boisterous conversation. I had a lesson to prepare for my class ; it was a verse consisting of a dozen lines, which I had to commit to memory. I sat in one corner of the boat, heedless of the talk that was going on, and by the time we reached Calcutta I was ready to repeat the verses. Every faculty grows with cultivation ; and now when I am at work I am absolutely absorbed in it, insensible to all distraction, unless I am directly spoken to.

I may here be permitted to relate an incident in this connexion known only to myself and to some members of my family. When Queen Victoria died, I was invited by Lord Curzon, through my esteemed friend, Mr Greer, then Chairman of the Corporation, to take part in the memorial meeting, which was to be held at the Town Hall. The Viceroy himself was to preside. Permission was given to me to select my own Resolution. The preparation of the speech, which in my opinion was one of the best I ever made, took me about an hour and a half. I sat down the evening before, at a table in one corner of a room about sixteen feet by twelve, at the other end of which were my children, playing and frolicking with all the ardour of children. Their frolics did not at

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all disturb me. I was absolutely insensible to their prattlings, and when I had finished the preparation of the speech I joined them.

My professorial work greatly helped me in my public speeches, for I had to teach the classics of the English language. Among them were the speeches and writings of Burke, Froude, Lord Morley, and others. I thus lived in constant association with the great masters of the English language and in close familiarity with their vocabulary and methods of thought, and to none do I owe a greater debt than to Edmund Burke, whose political philosophy has so largely moulded my own views about government and society. One of the most extraordinary things that the Calcutta University ever did was to interdict the writings of Burke. The ban has now been partly removed. I suppose the idea was, at least in the minds of some, that Burke taught revolutionary doctrines, and a learned counsel in the Dacca Conspiracy Case actually referred to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* in that light, forgetting that the book is the strongest and the most reasoned protest against revolutions of all kinds.

On my way to attend the Congress at Poona I halted for a day at Allahabad and stayed with my son-in-law, Colonel Mukerjee, who was then in medical charge of an Indian regiment, and who is now so well known as the author of *A Dying Race*. I repeated to him the peroration of my Poona presidential speech. He heard it and said, 'That speech

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has been twenty years in the making.' The remark struck me as one of extraordinary shrewdness and more or less of general application. It meant that my laborious performance covered a period of time far beyond what was actually taken up by the work. No improvisation is, or can be, productive of any really great effort, for there are no short cuts either in nature or in art. Even when there is improvisation in a great achievement in public speaking, it will often be found to have its roots in laborious efforts in a kindred field of work. The orator has laid by in the chambers of his mind a storehouse of noble thoughts and a fine vocabulary, ready at his command to form varied combinations. They move forward in serried procession, for him to pick and choose, or modify, for the deliverance of his message. Nature and his prepossessions predispose him to live and move and have his being in company with the immortals of the earth, breathing an atmosphere fragrant with their breath. His training and equipment are moral rather than intellectual. His heart inspires, his intellect obeys. Carlyle has observed that all great thoughts spring from the heart ; and through the heart they work round the brain. It must be so in a special degree in the orator's work ; for here heart speaks to heart and is the centre of the emotions which flow out to the audience and overwhelm them. Oratory indeed is reason incandescent with passion. It is love of country. love of humanity, decked forth in the fervid light and effulgence of the soul. It is the words

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that burn and glow and sparkle that alone can set the soul on fire ; and it is the heart that touches the tongue with the celestial fire.

The presidential speech at Poona elicited warm encomiums. Sir Herbert Risley, himself an accomplished writer, wired to me to say that he greatly admired its perfect finish. The ovation that I received at Poona and elsewhere made a great impression in Calcutta. That a schoolmaster and an agitator should have been so honoured outside his own province, touched the gods of the official hierarchy. I myself was greatly moved by the cordiality of my reception. I can never forget the scene that took place at the pandal when I had finished my last concluding speech. I was familiar with Congress proceedings, and was ready with a speech that I intended to deliver at the termination of the session. I found that the atmosphere had become electric, seething with an exuberance of feeling for which even I was not prepared. I grasped the spirit of the situation ; I cast aside the speech that I had prepared, and threw myself heart and soul into the full flood of the emotions that were swaying that vast audience. I was moved and carried away by the surging current. It was no longer a speaker inspiring an audience. It was the audience that moved and inspired the speaker. Truly a galvanic current was established between them and myself, and as I sat down, after my improvised speech (for here there was real improvisation) — as I sat down, the younger section

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of the audience rushed up the platform and were at my feet, eager to touch them and take the dust off them. For the moment glancing through the great past, the genius of which seemed now to stand revealed to me, I could realize the spirit that moved the ancestors of those young men, to found the greatest Hindu Empire of modern times. The memory of that day will never be effaced. It was one of the proudest in my life.

A Nation in Making — 1925

. *Krishna Hutheesing*

MY BROTHER

Krishna Hutheesing is a younger sister of Jawaharlal Nehru. In common with other members of the family she went to jail several times but, compared to her elder sister, Mrs Vijayalakshmi Pandit, she has led a quiet married life. Her brief informal autobiography, *With No Regrets*, is an intimate chronicle of the Nehru family.

As a close-up of Pandit Nehru the following sketch by his sister will be read with interest.

JAWAHAR was the only child for almost eleven years and was spoilt by our parents to a great extent especially by mother. He did not go to school but was taught at home by tutors and having no brother or sister for many years he was a lonely child. Fortunately, though father did spoil him he was also a strict disciplinarian. This prevented Jawahar from becoming too self-conscious.

Even as a little boy, Jawahar had great admiration for father. To him father seemed to be the embodiment of all that was fine, courageous and strong, and his one ambition was to grow up like father. Though he admired father and loved him deeply, he also feared him a great deal. Jawahar stood in great awe of father's temper, for once he

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had been a victim of it and the memory could not easily be effaced. But all of us knew that father would never punish us unjustly. However, as the years went by father controlled his temper more and more and though it was always there, he had it under perfect control.

So Jawahar grew up, a shy sensitive child, mixing a great deal with his elders as he had few companions of his own age. At the age of fourteen he went to Harrow, returning to India after finishing his studies at Cambridge in 1912. That is when I first set eyes on him, though he had seen me in 1908 when he had come home on one of his vacations.

For many years my brother remained a stranger to me, one whom I loved, admired and disliked by turns. After some years when the Satyagraha movement started and Jawahar flung himself into politics, I saw more of him and the better I knew him the greater was my admiration for this brother of mine who I once wrongly thought was conceited.

As an elder brother Jawahar is perfect. Though he is so much older than my sister and I, he has never laid down the law to us, as a great many elder brothers do. If he has disapproved of anything we have done, he has always talked the matter over with gentleness and tact, making us see for ourselves that we were in the wrong. If we have disagreed, however hurt he may feel, he tries not to show it and never imposes his own views on us. He is not only

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an adored 'big brother' to Swarup and me, but a grand friend and companion who by his affection and understanding has made himself very precious to us. We know he is always there, just as father was, a pillar of strength on whom we can lean and get support when wearied out by life's little problems and worries. He never offers advice, but is ever willing to help when help and guidance are necessary. He is also a confidant in whom one can confide without fear of being ridiculed or rebuked. Being so utterly human himself he never fails to understand another's weakness.

After father's death Jawahar was most concerned about mother and me. Swarup was married and had a home of her own. Now that Jawahar was head of our little family he did not wish either mother or me to feel that we were dependent on him, as is the usual custom in an Indian family. It never occurred to us but it did to him. Father did not leave a will nor did we expect him to, for it would have been most unlike him to have done so. Yet certain things worried Jawahar. He thought I might not feel as free as I had done in father's life-time and that I might not like asking him for money etc. So he wrote me a letter saying he wished mother and me to consider ourselves the real owners of Anand Bhawan and all that father had left. He was only a trustee to look after our affairs and us and that we should look upon him as such. He needed very little for himself and his family, so

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we should not hesitate to carry on as before and to think of him as being there only to help and guide when necessary! No other brother I feel would have behaved thus. It is so typical of Jawahar who lives up to his ideals and never falters.

Like father, Jawahar has a temper. When I was about fourteen, Jawahar offered to coach me in Mathematics, my *bete noire*. I wasn't at all thrilled at the prospect but there was no getting out of it. I was still a little scared of Jawahar in those days and did not look forward to his losing his temper with me. However, the first few lessons were a great success and I was fascinated by the way Jawahar taught. The subject I had hated with all my heart became one of the most absorbing interest to me and I actually looked forward to my one hour with Jawahar each day. Just as I began to feel more confident and less afraid of Jawahar, things went wrong. One day I must have been very dull for I just could not concentrate or remember anything. This rather irritated Jawahar (and I do not blame him) and he started getting angry. This only helped to drive everything clean out of my mind and I became completely dumb. He shouted a few sentences to me and terrified me out of my wits. Stunned and mortified I meekly turned to go away. After all it was not such a crime I thought, to have forgotten a lesson. I felt unhappy and hurt and tears which I tried desperately hard to hide, welled up as I slowly collected my books. He noticed my tears and

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in a second his anger disappeared and he was all repentant. Putting his arms around me he apologised, but nothing he could do or say later on would induce me to continue my lessons after this episode.

Those who do not know Jawahar very well, imagine that he has no other interest in life except politics, reading and writing. These certainly do take up most of his time but he has a great many hobbies and interests to which he cannot devote as much time as he would like to. Any spare time he has from his political work is generally spent in reading, sometimes in writing too, though the latter he usually does when he is in jail. He loves riding and is a fine rider. Swimming too he is very fond of but seldom, if ever, gets the chance to avail himself of it. He never goes to a cinema or a theatre unless we force him to and if it is something really good he quite enjoys himself. But to see him at his best one should see him with children of all ages. He is very fond of them and they adore him, for no matter how busy he is or how weary, if a child goes to him and persists in asking the why or wherefore of everything he will never brush him aside but will stop all his work to satisfy the infant's curiosity.

It is really a delight to see him after a hard day's work relaxing with his little nephews or nieces or other children. All his cares and worries seem to leave him and he becomes a little child himself, romping about, playing and enjoying himself every

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bit as much as the children themselves. Most of us cannot do this as we are too self-conscious and do not forget that we are grown-ups. Jawahar can do so because he is simple and human, and that is why children find in him a playmate after their own heart.

Jawahar has one unfailing quality, no matter where he is, in prison or outside, however busy, tired or weary he may be, he seldom forgets a birthday, anniversary or any other important occasion. It is these little acts of thoughtfulness of his that endear him so deeply to those who know him. It happened once that my birthday according to the Indian calendar fell on Oct. 19, 1930. Jawahar remembered it just after his arrest that same day and some days later he wrote to me : 'It has recently occurred to me that the British Government by issuing an order under Sec. 144 on me and by subsequently arresting me on the 19th October forgot a most important event on that day — and the beautiful and artistic gift that I should have made to my dearly loved sister, did not materialise — this lapse on my part was most unfortunate. But I hasten to correct it. Wherefore, take yourself to a book-shop and choose some volumes containing the wisdom of the ancients, and the faith of the middle ages and the scepticism of the present and the glimpses of the glory that is to be — and take them and pay for them and consider them the belated, but loving gift of a somewhat absent-minded brother

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who thinks often of his little sister. And read these chosen volumes and out of them construct a magic city full of dreams, castles and flowering gardens and running brooks, where beauty and happiness dwell and the ills that this sorry world of ours suffers from can gain no admittance — and life will then become one long and happy endeavour, a ceaseless adventure to build this city of magic and drive away all the ugliness and misery around us.'

When Jawahar returned from England he was a very polished and charming young man but rather proud and somewhat spoilt as a rich man's son is apt to be. The years that followed were full of experience for him and disappointments, as well as much sorrow. But all this helped to mellow him and today he is more lovable than ever before. His Western education has naturally influenced him considerably and people think him to be more of a European than an Indian in his outlook. But the moral and political chaos of the world through these years of war and starvation has drawn many of us, Jawahar more so, to the deep and vast sources that have inspired the ideas of the people of India and China. His personality today strikes deeper roots into the ancient soil and draws increasing sustenance from the rich past. The peace of mind and lack of bitterness that he had in spite of many a disillusionment are truly Indian. In him the East and West have blended, the former to show him the way of life and the latter to give him a wider understanding

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of the impulses that move the destinies of man. His ardent Nationalism has, therefore, grown into a firm conviction that the true freedom of our people cannot co-exist with tyranny and oppression of other nations. His sensitive mind is as much affected by any happening in any part of Asia or Europe as in India. He is a true soldier of Freedom and whenever and wherever Freedom is in peril, he is always ready to defend it with all his might.

There are some who think Jawahar is arrogant and overbearing. They resent it. At times he is so but by nature he is anything but arrogant or domineering. He would rather be out of the limelight. I am sure he would have more peace of mind if it were possible, but it cannot be. He is somewhat of a dreamer and often when tired out by work he relaxes and gazes into the distance, his eyes look dreamy and he seems to belong to another world. At times his eyes become unutterably sad and his face, so youthful in spite of his fifty-three years, suddenly ages and looks years older. Life has not been easy for Jawahar and suffering and sacrifice have left their mark on him as also on so many others who have taken the same path.

There are people who find fault with Jawahar and criticise him but they just do not understand him nor can they fathom his ways. He is human like the rest of us and has weaknesses that most human beings have. Only where the majority succumb he does not, hence his greatness. If India

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idolizes Jawahar to-day it is not for his virtues and strength and courage alone but for his very human qualities. He neither considers himself a hero nor a martyr, but just one who has been privileged to serve his country in her hour of need and who will continue to do so till the very end. He does not consider going to jail a great sacrifice on one's part or something to make a fuss about though almost half his life has been spent in jail. It is just something inevitable when we are fighting for our freedom against alien domination. He once wrote to me from jail 'Going to jail is a trivial matter in the world of today, which is being shaken to its foundation. As a mere routine, I think it has some value and does one good but that value is not very great unless there is an inner urge to do it. If an inner urge is present, little else matters for that represents something vital.'

And yet going to jail again and yet again is no easy matter. Nor is jail exactly a bed of roses where one would like to relax every now and then. Some people think that those who have been in prison many times, get used to the idea and do not mind it. A few months in jail would soon clear up this misconception. Physical discomforts there always are and one expects them when one goes to prison. It is the mental adjustment that is difficult when one has to cope with the daily petty tyrannies of jail life.

To be separated from one's dear ones, to meet them only when it pleases the authorities, all goes

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to make one feel irritable and sometimes bitter. To stay for any length of time in jail and not get embittered is indeed a great achievement and Jawahar has successfully done this.

As Jawahar wrote to me, if there is an inner urge to do a certain thing then only can one go through any hardship or suffering to attain one's goal. We have often been worried when Jawahar has been rearrested but he has always given us courage and strength to face whatever might befall him by treating his own case lightly.

In 1940 Jawahar was sentenced to four years' rigorous imprisonment. The vindictiveness of the sentence stunned each and every human being who read about it. To us too, it came as a great blow. Used though we were to strange and unexpected edicts of the Government, this hit us harder than any previous convictions of Jawahar's had done. I was terribly upset and showed it in one of my letters, to Jawahar in which I also asked him if Raja and I could come and interview him at Dehra Dun where he had been kept. In reply to my letter Jawahar wrote : 'Raja and you will of course be very welcome whenever you come. I should like to see Raja, especially, as I may not have a chance of doing so for some time to come (Raja was going to offer individual Satyagraha sometime later). I was sorry to learn that he was rather put out on learning of my conviction and you too, my dear. I have seldom felt quite so peaceful in mind as I have done lately,

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and that is some feat in this mad world of ours. Through some practice I have learnt to draw myself in and shut the various drawers of my mind which relate to activities which have been suspended. You must not worry unnecessarily about me. Life becomes harder for all of us and the soft days of the past already belong to an age that is gone. When will they return, or will they ever return? No one knows. We must adapt ourselves to life as it is and not hunger for what is not. Physical risk and suffering are after all petty compared to the troubles and tempests of the mind. And whether life is soft or hard, one can always get something out of it; but to enjoy life ultimately, one must decide not to count the cost.'

From childhood father had taught us not to be afraid of taking risks or facing dangers. 'Safety first' has never been our motto nor I hope will it be that of our children. Many a time each one of us has had to undertake a task or a journey where risk and danger was involved, but this never prevented us from going through with our programme. As far as Jawahar is concerned if there is even a suspicion of danger attached to any work, it is an added inducement for him to take it in hand. Perhaps at times it might seem a little childish, but it is better to have this attitude towards things than to live in fear all one's life because each step one takes might be risky.

Once Jawahar was in prison in Alipore, Calcutta.

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We had not heard from him since he was arrested, so were naturally a little anxious. At that time I received another letter from him, a very typical one. 'My dear, I hope you and the others are not worried about me. I am well and *J'y suis, J'y reste*. I shall read a lot for indeed there is little else to do — just to read and to think and go through the day's routine. So when I come out and that is a long way off I may be a little wiser than I am, perhaps and perhaps not. Wisdom is a very elusive thing and difficult to seize. And yet sometimes it comes suddenly and unawares. Meanwhile I shall be a faithful votary and seek her goodwill. Someday she may show me favour. Anyway, jail is not an unsuitable place to woo her. The hurlyburly of life seems far off and does not distract and it is good to see the life of everybody from a little distance — detached.'

Jawahar has a great love for outdoor life. He is exceedingly fond of winter sports and spent hours skiing or skating in Switzerland when we were there together. He loves nature in all her fresh and unspoiled beauty, for he is so essentially a child of nature himself.

Jawahar expects everyone to do things well and efficiently, whether at games or at work and is a hard task master. For almost six months I acted as his secretary in 1931 and though I enjoyed the work I lived in perpetual dread of making a mistake and incurring his wrath. Luckily I managed to escape it

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and I have never been able to decide whether it was due to my efficiency or just a fluke! To be slack, inefficient and lazy is an unforgivable sin in Jawahar's eyes. Once in Switzerland he offered to teach me skiing. The day he chose for the first lesson was not a good one. It had not snowed for a couple of days and the previous snowfall had hardened into slippery ice. Every time I stood up down I came with an unpleasant bang. I simply could not keep my balance, much to Jawahar's annoyance. He thought I was afraid and got very annoyed. I tried desperately to take a few steps but each time I fell down, not always elegantly — so Jawahar gave me quite a bit of his mind and prophesied that I would never learn in a million years. Hurt and mortified I asked a Swiss friend of ours to teach me and within three days I was skiing all by myself, in spite of my brother's prediction.

In a sick room Jawahar is an ideal nurse. His gentleness and understanding is infinite under the most trying circumstances, and his patience is unlimited. His greatest quality is that he always adapted himself to circumstances and finds comfort and beauty in little things around him, which is a great achievement. Once he wrote to me from Dehra Dun jail 'The hot afternoon sun has melted much of the snow except on the mountain tops. The clouds have rolled away giving glimpses of that amazing and fascinating thing, the deep blue sky, just after rain in North India. Do you have this in Bombay?

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Perhaps you have but nobody notices it. The evening was unusually beautiful today. The clouds were in a playful mood and they caught the rays of the smiling sun and seemed to hurl them about in reckless abandon. Extraordinary colours came and went, fantastic shapes appeared and disappeared and over all was this riot of colour. The bare mountain tops blazed red and they reminded me of the mountains of the Khyber region. Patches of snow were lit up occasionally and then faded away, and soon after the moon, almost full, added to the variety.'

Though Jawahar is always smiling and apparently happy he has had more than his share of heartache and sorrow. To have lost his young wife when he needed her love and companionship most, was a terrible tragedy for him. Outwardly, he tried not to show how deep was his grief. Only for a few fleeting seconds does Jawahar lose grip over himself, only to regain his poise and unruffled appearance.

At a very young age, Jawahar started to drift into politics little realising that it would become his lifework. Little by little the course of events swept him along with the tide and he was carried away. But had he his whole life to live over again, Jawahar would do exactly as he has done. He might do things a little differently, that is all. Many accuse him of having fads, of dreaming dreams, of talking about big things and not dealing with the job in

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front of him. These accusations may or may not be true but one thing is undeniable, Jawahar is a great dreamer. He dreams of great things of the future, dreams that may not be realised by him but by somebody else. But his dreams are never personal. They are all woven round the future of India — an India in whose coming greatness Jawahar has not the shadow of a doubt and in whose service Jawahar would gladly lay down his life.

With No Regrets — 1944

Lakshmibai Tilak

THE BRIDE OF ELEVEN

Lakshmibai Tilak was the daughter of orthodox parents. At the age of eleven she was married to a young poet whose father was a tyrant and a crank. Written in Marathi, Mrs Tilak's autobiography, *I Follow After*, even in its English version by Josephine Inkster, retains much of its subtle irony and quaint humour.

Lakshmibai here relates the strange circumstances under which she was married to Tilak.

GOVINDRAO KHAMBETE was my aunt's husband. As I said before they had no family. In spite of this their house was always swarming with children. They had a house in Nasik where I stayed with them. Nearby Uncle Govindrao's sister owned a house which was let, and in this house lived a girl called Sakku. Sakku was married, and her proper place was with her mother-in-law, but she had returned to her own people for a holiday. She was only twelve or thirteen years old, and was the only woman in her house. The menfolk consisted of two elder brothers, both still at school.

As far as was possible, Sakku spent her time playing, and I used to play with her. Our games made Sakku late with her cooking, and her sorely

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tried brothers went hungry and cross to bed. Her elder brother preferred to play with her himself rather than allow outside girls to come and encourage her to neglect the house. He played everything, even to Songtya and Chuckies. When they played Chuckies, if he dropped one stone, no matter how well he was doing, he would fling the game to the gods, and begin again from the beginning. This gave rise to perpetual quarrelling between them, because once the stones were in his hand, his sister had no more hope of seeing them again.

He therefore, having determined not to let everyone starve while Sakku sat and played with her friends, began to play with her one day himself, fully prepared to drive off the rag-tag and bobtail of the neighbourhood when they turned up. As usual I went round to play. There were two staircases to the house. The moment he saw me Sakku's brother seized a stick and stood guard on one of the stairs.

'Mind you don't come into our house. I'll break your leg if you do.'

Sakku was calling down to me, so I tried the other stair. It was no use. Again came the words,

'Look out, or you will go home lamed!'

There and then I vowed never to come back, and never to look on the face of Sakku's brother again. Later, though Sakku rented a house quite close to us, I never set foot inside it. It began to look as if I should keep my vow for ever, because Uncle Govindrao built a house at Jalalpur and went to live

Lakshmibai Tilak

there. I too went with him, so Sakku and her brothers were left behind, and there was no more temptation to visit them.

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Uncle Govindrao was very fond of company. The village of Jalalpur was small, and his house was open to everybody. It was not long before he was a great favourite. He acquired some fields, and also began to do some banking. Jalalpur was my aunt's native place, and she and the rest of the Gokhales owned considerable property there. Uncle Govindrao began to supervise the expenditure of the whole family, eventually becoming responsible for everything, including fields, borrowing, lending, weddings and thread ceremonies.

I was now quite a big girl, according to the Hindu standards of those days, for I was fully ten years old. Uncle Govindrao treated me as his own daughter, and I was spoilt by both him and my aunt. In those days children were married to each other at the age of five and six or younger, and to have a girl of eleven years unmarried was an unheard of thing.

My aunt and Uncle Govindrao were nearly out of their minds with anxiety about my marriage, but he was not prepared to look for a husband for me. He used to say to my parents, 'You make Laxmi's wedding arrangements. I won't. I cannot risk any one saying that I married the child to the first boy

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that turned up, just to save the expense of keeping her'.

•I was nearly eleven years old, well-fed and cared for, and with no troubles. I looked older than my years. Uncle Govindrao was quite prepared to bear the expense of my wedding, but he would not accept the responsibility of choosing a husband. Father, being fully occupied with his purifications, had no time for such small matters. Even if he had had time, he would never have found a son-in-law 'holy' enough to please him. Mother too was worried, but she was only a woman. What could she do? In the end the burden fell on Bhiku's husband Paindse.

About this time a student called Narayan Waman Tilak was becoming famous in Nasik as a poet and eloquent speaker. Paindse gave Uncle Govindrao the necessary information. Uncle Govindrao began corresponding with Wamanrao Tilak, the boy's father, and invited him to come and see me.

Wamanrao replied, 'I will not sell my son for a dowry. If you will pay what you can for the wedding, I shall do likewise. The only thing that I insist on is that the girl's horoscope must be auspicious, otherwise I cannot give my consent to the match. Also, there are no women in my house. You must look after the girl until she is old enough to live with her husband. I do not need to see her. I shall be pleased if everyone on the spot is pleased.'

We were all greatly delighted with this letter. My horoscope, astrological calculations and records

Lakshmibai Tilak

had been prepared beforehand. All we had needed was Wamanrao's assent and that he had given. Uncle Govindrao desired nothing better than to let me stay with him until I grew up. Only one thing now remained, and that was to send me to Nasik for the approval of the bridegroom. I was sent to my sister Bhiku and her husband Paindse.

Tilak came to Paindse's house with his friends to see me. I was downstairs sitting on a large swing with Bhiku's daughter Gharu.

'Is Paindse Sahib in?' the visitors asked.

'Yes, he is in the sitting room upstairs,' I replied. The visitors could not find the way up. They appeared completely bewildered, and I was doubled up with mirth watching them. In the end I had to show them the staircase. After they had met Paindse, I was sent for. Decking me out in my best, Bhiku took me upstairs.

I could have died on the spot.

For one thing I had just newly made a mock of the visitors ; for another, who should have come to look at me but Sakku's brother, who had driven me out of his house with a stick.

Alas for my resolve never to set foot in that house again!

I was trapped indeed by the thing I dreaded most ; and he, who had threatened to break my leg if I dared to cross his threshold, without so much as looking at me, made a sign to his friend that I would do, and turned and went out.

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I had only to face my grandmother-in-law now, and in this examination too I passed. Gangabai, pinching the lobe of my left ear sharply, announced, 'I approve of the girl'. When my ear was pinched, I neither exclaimed nor drew in my breath, so she must have decided that I could be taken anywhere by any one who liked to lead me by the ear.

I marvel that Tilak should have been pleased with me. In appearance and colour I was very ordinary. For the rest, though my eyes and nose had no beauty, they were at least there, and in the right place.

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Uncle Govindrao agreed to spend no less than one thousand rupees on my wedding. It was quite evident what my father would do! My mother would have done anything and everything, but it was not in her hands, poor thing. The kind of life she led at home has already been described. Her only comfort there was to dispense kindness to others as far as was possible and to toil for others as long as she had strength. God must have created people like my aunt and Uncle Govindrao, to help to look after her children, as a reward for her virtue. Mother could neither read nor write, but as a recreation, she used to compose songs and teach them to the neighbours' daughters and young brides. This was the comforting oil she used on the labouring wheels of household care. Now what could she do more than look at my uncle with eyes filled with tears of gratitude?

Lakshmibai Tilak

Uncle Govindrao regarded this wedding as if it had been that of a child of his own. Indeed, he did more for me than he would have done for his own daughter. He wrote to Wamanrao saying,

'I have a good standing in the village, and the wedding must be in keeping. Also, this is the first event of its kind in my house. Jalalpur is quite a small place, and I should like you to give a dinner to the whole village.' Wamanrao agreed.

Imagine the excitement of my aunt and Uncle Govindrao. Wamanrao brought with him no less than twelve bullock-carts laden with guests. Our house was bursting with them, and a pavilion was erected in front of our door. Only four days remained to the wedding. Wamanrao saw his daughter-in-law.

So far all had gone well. Now a himalayan obstacle was discovered. The lineage of the Gokhales and Tilaks is from Kashyap and Shandilya respectively, and those two lines cannot mix. How could there be any marriage?

Uncle Govindrao decided to have me formally adopted into his family. I had in fact been given to the Khambetes before I was even born, and from then till the hour of my wedding they had done everything for me ; only the proper adoption ceremony had been omitted. It was now, therefore, decided within the last four days that I, who was a Gokhale, should become a Khambete by Hindu law. Father, however, at the time of the adoption ceremony could not be found. Following his inflexible

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rule, he had gone off into the jungle. There was no hope of his returning before nightfall. Would that man give a thought to his daughter's adoption ceremony, who could send a message to his mother on her death-bed, 'Wait! Do not die till I finish my evening prayers'.

Uncle Govindrao was furious. He was never known to lose his temper, but this time he was properly indignant. He burst out, 'The girl is his; he can arrange the wedding! If he doesn't care why should we? The girl is his; let him do what he likes with her'.

My aunt was in a passion too, and her wrath poured from her lips in a steady stream.

My mother was as one dead.

It seemed as if the marriage would be broken off for a mere trifle. The spirits of the wedding-party were completely damped. There was dismay and confusion everywhere. Then, in the nick of time, one of our relations, Dinker Shastri Khambete came to Mother's rescue. He produced a text from the Scriptures proving that a mother has authority to give away her daughter. The text was like a few drops of cold water on milk about to boil over. Peace reigned again. Her eyes wet with tears, Mother gave me over to Uncle Govindrao.

In two or three days the wedding ceremony was completed. Uncle Govindrao gave me away.

After the feast the bridal party returned to Nasik with the bride and bridegroom. Leaving us with

Lakshmibai Tilak

Bhiku and Paindse, each went to his own house. That night saw the Bridal procession and the state entrance of the bride into her new home. My feet had crossed irrevocably, the threshold I had vowed they should never pass.

Srinivasa Sastri

MY FIRST MEETING WITH GOKHALE

From an ordinary school teacher Mr Srinivasa Sastri rose to be one of the most distinguished elder statesmen of the country. Coming under the influence of Mr G. K. Gokhale early in life he joined the Servants of India Society, of which he became President after Gokhale's death. Mr Sastri in his day was included among the five or six great orators of the world, and his command of the English language was unique. His *Life of Gokhale* is a classic in Indian biography writing.

Mr Sastri narrates here, with quiet humour, his first meeting with Gokhale. Gokhale then was at the height of his power, and even though Sastri felt overawed in his presence, he was not entirely extinguished.

IT happened in the Easter of 1906. Gokhale had summoned me for a personal interview in connection with my application for membership of the Servants of India Society. He then lived in Shanwarpet, Poona, in the house now called, after its owner, Gandhi-wada. I think I stayed four days as his guest. Messrs. Dravid and Barve took charge of me. Though they were all attention, he would make frequent enquiries as to how I was getting on, so that I felt now and then I was taking away his mind from more important subjects. My Madras habit of

Srinivasa Sastri

taking coffee in the morning instead of tea was, I am afraid, a source of trouble ; for to this day the Deccani cook of either sex has not learnt how to prepare this beverage without a touch of cardamom and a week's allowance of sugar. After a trial or two I professed a partiality for tea, but my host discovered the real origin of my new taste and fretted himself and asked Dravid several times what good it was his being a Madrassi if he could not make good enough coffee. Would he at least arrange for a conveyance and drive me to the railway station where I could have my fill of as black coffee as I cared for? Another Madrassi friend came in likewise for Gokhale's banter. It was a medical man whom they called Dr Iyengar. His name was Ramaswami ; he was Gokhale's intimate friend at the time and came nearly every day to dinner. He had nearly forgotten his Tamil and spoke it with great deliberation, with many drawls and pauses, much like a foreigner learning his first lessons. For reasons not hard to imagine Tamil is in special disfavour among those not born to it, and Gokhale shared to the full the prejudice of the scoffing world. He used to say it consisted only of consonants, chiefly guttural. So poor Iyengar and I had to perform our duets in clicks and dissonances, while he called all the establishment to hear our performance. He would himself laugh aloud and clap his hands in sheer childlike enjoyment. In fact he never lost this faculty of simple pleasure and used, whenever he was tickled,

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to strike the table or bench where he sat with one hand if the other was not free. My partner did his best, but I soon tired of the game and denounced him. I do not know where he is now. The last I heard was that he was lecturing on Indian philosophy in America and had sent Gokhale a nice volume containing his discourses. My food too distressed the Poona household exceedingly, though even in those untravelled days of mine my palate had much adaptability and I would not have famished in any part of India. Of the Madras dishes the best known and most widely appreciated outside the peninsula is the *sar*, which Gokhale, to show off his knowledge of Tamil, always called *saram*. After Gopal, his cook even then, had essayed it unsuccessfully once or twice, I was transferred for a meal to the house of Dravid, whose former wife was a Madrassi and was supposed, therefore, to be good at South Indian dishes. She was, however, a perfect stranger to them, and after an evening of great cordiality and vain attempts to remember Tamil expressions deep down in the family consciousness, I returned to the *Chappati and Ambti*.

I remember a warm debate over names. Gokhale did not approve of the Madras style of calling each man by his proper name ; he could not understand why the Dravidian folk seemed to disown their families, while the rest of the world were proud to designate themselves by their family titles. I tried to have my laugh at what I stigmatized as an imita-

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tion from the West. In this, however, I was mistaken so far as the Deccan was concerned, for in the Mahratta chronicles people are known by their family names, Gokhale itself occurring with a fair degree of frequency. Even now I cannot think, why when a man is asked his name, he must mention that of some unknown ancestor or obscure village and keep his own for a small circle of familiar friends and relations. But to my discomfiture I find the younger generation of Madras sometimes abandoning the dear old sensible style. It tries your temper to read M. L. Kshirasagar on a visitor's card, and, when you have buttoned up your coat and put on the turban for a great interview, to find your old pupil, Madhava Rao, walking in with a timid step and asking with a familiar smile, 'Don't you remember me, Sir?' Will anybody tell me why Subramanya Iyer should conceal his identity under the name of Karpur? I confess I am not fully reconciled to Mr Natarajan's son being also a Natarajan. That day, however, the odds were against me. Natesa Dikshita, who ought to have stood by me for the honour of Madras, had already joined the undistinguished crowd of *Dravids*, and Dr Ramaswami Iyengar put his provincial pride into his pocket and capitulated.

One of the men I met during this visit was Mr Visvesvaraya, who had not been knighted and who, by the way, in spite of his irreproachable modernity, has not chosen to call himself Mokshagundam. He

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was then in charge of a water works scheme for Poona and came to see Gokhale who was President of the Municipality. After he left, Gokhale spoke of him in high terms and added, surveying me up and down with compassionate disapproval, 'You see, how correctly he is dressed ; he is equally precise in his work and in his engagements. If I had such men to deal with in all my business, I could wish for nothing better.' My inclination after this was to keep at a respectful distance from him ; but what was my surprise when, on Gokhale taking me to the Hira Bagh Club and leaving me in the hands of Mr Visvesvaraya, he actually took me round the place and presented me to his friends just as he would have presented any respectable visitor : I have met him several times since then and every time I have thought of Gokhale also, to whom, in spite of striking superficial differences, he bore a deep similarity in scrupulous observance of the courtesies of social life, in strict regard for duty, in catholic outlook and in passion for work.

In seeking admission to the Society which he had founded the previous year, I was doubtless moved as much by admiration of his public work and character as by the ideals which underlay its constitution. One does not like to write with fulness or freedom on what is cherished reverently in one's inmost heart. Among the minor traits of character which then impressed themselves on my mind, I should like to mention, besides the faculty of child-

like pleasure already noted, an earnestness in talk which held you in thrall and an eagerness of look which seemed anxious to carry you along. His ideals quickly possessed you, you found yourself overwhelmed by his ardour. He conducted me over the site that he had selected for the Society, mostly jungle and rock at the time ; he roughly sketched his building plan ; then he showed me, high on the neighbouring ridge, the spot where he had sworn in the first members — Dravid, Devadhar and Patwardhan. All the time some subtle element in his personality filled me with the conviction that Poona was the proper ground for all selfless work, that the Society was the first chosen instrument for the uplift of the motherland and that he was the leader best fitted to allure the youth of India to brighter worlds. I felt the answering glow in me, but what with my inexpressive face, what with the sudden paralysis that overtook my tongue, he might have thought me a mere clod of earth. The words were miles away when I needed them most.

Another time too during this visit they played me a trick, but of a different sort. The moon was shining bright and we stepped out into the open space in front and occupied the seats which had been thoughtfully placed there. Gokhale had wound himself fully up on the subject of Poona and her primacy among the cities of India. Had not his master, Ranade, called her the metropolis of India and Bombay her suburb? Was she not the *Punya Bhumi* .

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on which he had performed the continuous sacrifice of a life filled with pure thought and noble purpose? Then he touched on the Deccan Education Society and Karve's magnificent work and went on to recall the glory of the Peshwas, uniformly obscured in the history of India as written by Englishmen. As if to clinch the whole matter he looked up at this point and burst out, 'Did you ever see a sky like this? Poona alone can boast of it.' I had followed him in his flight with glad and wondering spirit, but somehow my wing broke just then. A sudden impulse to contradict seized me. I was not going to be enslaved. Was I not a pedagogue, commissioned to curb the wanderings of fancy and prune all extravagances of thought and expression? So I said half protestingly, 'I have seen such clear nights in Madras as well.' He turned to look at me and then it occurred to me that I must further elucidate the truth of my remark and add something inane about the serene sky of tropical regions. The spell broke and the magician became dumb.

I am sure Gokhale forgave me, but I haven't yet.

One day when we were alone he asked whether I would mind a little personal talk. Of course I said how greedy I was for it. 'Quite sure?' he demanded by way of fixing me absolutely. Then he referred to a little comment I had made in a biographical article about him in the *Indian Review*. After narrating the incident that led up to his apology to the Government of Bombay and the European

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soldiery employed in the plague operations of Poona, I had deprecated the rancour of public criticism of him at the time and summed up by stating that the episode was an instance where public opinion was more in the wrong than the unfortunate victim of it. The grammatical implication that the unfortunate victim was also in the wrong hurt him deeply. He was anxious, he said, that I should understand the matter in its full bearing on the proprieties of public life. He had not made the apology without consulting the best and wisest men of the time. It behoved a critic of other men's conduct to hold their honour as his own. When one had aspersed another's character in public and found himself unable to substantiate the charges, the proper course was to own up manfully. To leave a sting behind in the apology was neither righteous nor sportsmanlike. I felt edified and expressed my gratitude. A feeling of relief seemed to come over him as he said 'I don't as a rule talk to people on this subject and I promise not again to refer to it in our conversation.' And he kept his word to the end.

The Other Harmony

Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan

MY SEARCH FOR TRUTH

As a thinker and an interpreter of Indian philosophy Sir S. Radhakrishnan is internationally known. As Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Hindu University he has rendered meritorious services. His work on Indian philosophy is of outstanding quality, and he is an acknowledged authority on the subject. He first came to the notice of Western scholars by his work as King George V Professor of Mental and Moral Science in the University of Calcutta. At the invitation of Professor L. P. Jacks he delivered the Upton Lectures at Oxford in 1926, and three years after was appointed there to deliver a course of lectures on Comparative Religion. His work in the Cultural section of the United Nations Organization has also been of outstanding merit. Sir Sarvapalli is at present Chairman of the Universities Commission appointed by the Government of India to inquire into the conditions of University teaching in this country, and to suggest ways and means to improve it. His appointment as India's Ambassador to Russia was announced in July 1949.

Sir Sarvapalli calls the brief account of his life *My Search for Truth*. It is not an autobiography of the usual type. It deals largely with how an idealist views life, and consequently records the gradual shaping of his ideas.

Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan

I WAS born on September 5, 1888, at a small place, Tirutani, forty miles to the north-west of Madras, in South India, the second child of Hindu parents, who were conventional in their religious outlook. I have not had any advantages of birth or of wealth. The early years of my life till twelve were spent in Tirutani and Tirupati, both famous as pilgrim centres. I cannot account for the fact that from the time I knew myself I have had firm faith in the reality of an unseen world behind the flux of phenomena, a world which we apprehend not with the senses but with the mind, and even when I was faced by grave difficulties, this faith has remained unshaken. A meditative frame of mind is perhaps responsible for my love of loneliness. Side by side with my outward activities, there is in me an inner life of increasing solitude in which I love to linger. Books, the vistas they unveil, and the dreams they awaken, have been from the beginning my constant and unfailing companions. I am not quite at home in the conventional social functions by which life's troubles are tempered to most of us. When I am in company, unless it be with one or two who know me well, it is with an effort that I get along. But I have an almost uncanny knack of putting myself *en rapport* with any individual, high or low, old or young, if the need arises. While I am essentially shy and lonely, I pass for a social and sociable man. My withdrawn nature and social timidity have given me a reputation that I am difficult to know. Again,

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I am said to be cold and strong-willed, while I know that I am the opposite of it. I am capable of strong and profound emotions, which I generally tend to conceal. I am nervously organized, sensitive, and highstrung. If with an unstable, sensitive nature and ordinary intellectual gifts I have not yet made a mess of this life, and if the editor thinks it worth his while to ask me to contribute an autobiographical essay to this volume, it is due to good luck. When Napoleon's eagle eye flashed down the list of officers proposed for promotion to higher rank, he used to scribble in the margin of a name 'Is he lucky?' I have luck, and it is this that has protected me thus far. It is as if a great pilot had been steering my ship through the innumerable rocks and shoals on which other barks had made shipwreck. The major decisions of my life have been taken under a sort of plan, and yet when the choice is made, I have a feeling that an invisible hand has been guiding me for purposes other than my own. I do not, however, pretend that I enjoy the special care of providence. Such a feeling, if it means more than the simple truth that the Supreme has an individual interest in and a delicate care for human beings, that its love is individual, immediate, and intimate, is an irrational prejudice. While I attribute the little success I have achieved to this luck or guidance, I do not want to shift the blame for my failures to ill luck or circumstances. My achievements are not entirely my own, but my mistakes are in large part

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due to my own folly or weakness.

II

I have often been reminded in later years of Hegel's saying that a man has made up his account with this life when he has work that suits him and a wife whom he loves. While men fill their feverish days with politics and business, love affairs and worldly careers, and drain to its dregs the enchanting cup of life, women, who are less sophisticated and so closer to reality, perceive that the true meaning of life is not exhausted by its obvious routine. They cling to the deeper and more ultimate reality in the light of which life no longer seems contingent and mediocre. In the battle between the naturalists and the idealists, between those who affirm that only those things are real which can be touched and handled, and those who believe, in addition, in the reality of eternal values, the women of India are found conspicuously fighting on the side of the latter. By example rather than by precept, by their life rather than by their words, they lend an importance and depth of meaning to the passing events which form so large a part of our daily life. Though many of my class and generation were married earlier than it is usual in Western countries, these early marriages were not unsuccessful. The Hindu ideal of a wife, exalted and exacting, still has a strong hold on unsophisticated Hindu women. 'If he is faithless, I must be faithful. If he is shaken, I

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must abide. If he sees another, I must await his return.' If there is a taint in this blind devotion, then there is a taint in the Eternal who loves us with the same love, awaiting us patient and unwearied, when we return, weary with false pleasures, to him. A pure unquestioning love that triumphs over the weaknesses of the loved one is perhaps the greatest gift of heaven. Full of tenderness and deep affection as Indian married life is, its value can be greatly increased by suitable changes in the social institutions which have become stabilized by the unwillingness of legislatures to interfere with social customs. The only security which Indian women have against the breaking of their bodies and minds is the goodwill of their husbands and this is not enough in our present conditions.

III

I had my school and college career in Christian missionary institutions. At an impressionable period of my life, I became familiar not only with the teaching of the New Testament, but with the criticisms levelled by Christian missionaries on Hindu beliefs and practices. My pride as a Hindu roused by the enterprise and eloquence of Swami Vivekananda was deeply hurt by the treatment accorded to Hinduism in missionary institutions. It was difficult for me to concede that Hindu ascetics and teachers who preserved for our world a living contact with the classical culture of India, which is

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at the root of much that we know and almost all that we practise, were not truly religious. Even the poor illiterate villagers with their ancient household traditions and religious observances seemed to me to be more familiar with the spiritual mystery enveloping this world than the emancipated, comfort-minded intellectuals eager for life and adventure. They were aware of the ancient truths and maxims which the spectacle of human life has suggested to thinking minds in all ages. Life is short and happiness uncertain. Death comes to all, prince and peasant alike. True knowledge is to know one's own ignorance. Contentment is better than riches, and a mind at peace with itself is worth more than the applause of assemblies. The superstitious Indian woman may have her haunting fears but, thanks to centuries of training, she has a noble dignity, a tender refinement and a mental poise and magnanimity which many of her more intellectual contemporaries lack. The village pilgrim who spends all his earnings to have a bath in the Ganges or a darsan of the deity at Puri, who undertakes weary marches through toil and suffering to Benares or Kailas, has an innate conviction that man does not live by bread alone. Our age is a sophisticated one. In its superior fashion it laughs at gods and ghosts, values and ideals. It is too clever to take these outworn superstitions seriously, but the illiterate Hindus who are foolish enough to perceive that these things are the symbols of thoughts beyond the reach of our

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rational minds do not merit our derision. I know that the people of India are the victims of paralysing superstitions, but I cannot believe that they are devoid of religious sense. Every mother teaches her child that if he is to grow up religiously, he must love God, abstain from sin, and be full of sympathy and help to those who are in trouble. We have invented innumerable ways of spending the time allotted to us. May it not be that the way of the primitive Hindu is not the least wise of these? To dwell on the contemplation of eternal ideas, to struggle to behold the divine with the eye of the mind and to feed on the shadows of perfection, is that an ignoble life?

My religious sense did not allow me to speak a rash or a profane word of anything which the soul of man holds or has held sacred. This attitude of respect for all creeds, this elementary good manners in matters of spirit, is bred into the marrow of one's bones by the Hindu tradition, by its experience of centuries. Religious tolerance marked the Hindu culture from its very beginnings. When the Vedic Aryans came into contact with people professing other creeds, they soon adjusted themselves to the new elements. The Vedic religion received incalculable material and impulse for the determining of its own unique character through the re-shaping of its foreign elements. The famous Hindu scripture, *Bhagavadgita*, declares that if one has faith and devotion to the other gods, it is faith and devotion

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to the supreme One, though not in the prescribed way. The end of religion is an essential knowledge of God. Doctrines about God are only guides to the seekers who have not reached the end. They represent God under certain images, as possessing certain attributes and not as He is in himself. For example, in Christendom, God the Father gave place to God the Mother in the Middle Ages as in Mariolatry when she was said to be 'Queen of Heaven, who can do all that she wills'. No formula can confine God. Besides, the knowledge we are capable of receiving depends on the stage of our development. A great truth cannot be imparted to one who possesses a narrower one answering to the measure of his capacity. If the life is deepened, the imperfect truth gives place to the more perfect one. The true teacher helps us to deepen our insight, not alter our view. He gives us a better access to our own scriptures, for 'the path men take from every side is mine.' The different religions are not rival or competing forces, but fellow labourers in the same great task. God has not left Himself without witness among any people. Clement of Alexandria allows that there was always a natural manifestation of the one Almighty God amongst all right-thinking men. Bred in such beliefs, I was somewhat annoyed that truly religious people — as many Christian missionaries undoubtedly were — could treat as subjects for derision doctrines that others held in deepest reverence. This unfortunate practice has, in my

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opinion, little support in the teaching or example of Jesus, though some of his later followers encouraged it. Religious truth outside the Biblical revelation was according to Augustine a work of the devil, a caricature perpetrated by demons. Serious students of comparative religion are impressed by the general revelation of God. All truth about God has its source in God. The conception of a unique revelation, of a chosen people is contrary to the love and justice of God. It is a pet fancy of the pious that their own religion is the flower of the development of religion, its final end into which all others converge. In the new world order such a view of spiritual monopolies has no place.

The challenge of Christian critics impelled me to make a study of Hinduism and find out what is living and what is dead in it. The spirit of the times, in which India, so to say, was turning in its sleep, strengthened this resolve. The philosophy courses for the B.A. and the M.A. degrees in the Madras University did not demand any acquaintance with the Indian systems of thought and religion. Even to-day Indian philosophy forms a very minor part of philosophical studies in Indian Universities. In partial fulfilment of the conditions for the M.A. degree examination, I prepared a thesis on the *Ethics of the Vedanta*, which was intended to be a reply to the charge that the Vedanta system had no room for ethics. At the time (1908) when I was only a young student of twenty, the publication of a book

of the different Divisions during the Forest year 1916-17.—(Concl'd.)

Nimar Division.	Akola Division.	Yeotmal Division.	Melghat Division.	Amraoti Division.	Total.
5	6	7	8	9	10
Rs.	Rs.	Rs.	Rs.	Rs.	Rs.
37 1,450 57 9	... 1,150 325	... 1,253 289 248	37 4,892 1,645
1,544	9	1,475	1,542	248	6,564
3,943 2,825 425	436 2,676 780	2,412 1,090 1,133	5,356 9,567 616	5,074 4,966 250	38,560 24,151 4,658
7,193	3,892	4,635	15,539	10,290	67,169
1,363 36 6,367 1,886	700 ... 152 2,041 1,155 2,623	672 ... 721 580 559 250 3,491	370 15,558 4 ... 57 6,522 4,568 61 4 37 684	4,361 17,120 941 593 2,806 20,485 16,501
9,652	6,671	6,282	27,079	786	62,897
221 2,125	... 560	... 1,131	10 1,369	1 647	341 7,395
2,346	560	1,131	1,379	648	7,646
33,061	18,362	28,079	49,212	17,625	2,01,017
... 18,593 30,746 8,530 1,800	... 8,250 9,078 4,744 53	... 13,392 30,203 6,191 1	... 19,950 26,656 6,419 3,848	... 11,700 11,488 4,308 91	20,400 93,989 1,47,915 49,384 8,708
59,669	22,725	49,787	56,873	27,587	3,20,396
... 1,246 5,147 821	... 942 1,844 525	... 1,655 3,738 399	... 1,892 3,879 720	... 1,465 2,068 474	1,809 9,294 22,598 4,558
7,214	3,311	5,792	6,191	4,007	38,259
87 1,553 84	60 875 120	41 1,592 10	410 1,839 167	18 715 79	724 8,975 911
... 683 1,214	... 377 1,084	... 708 1,771	... 259 1,139	... 590 782	... 4,256 1,1,133
3,621	2,516	4,122	3,814	2,094	26,099
70,504	28,552	59,701	66,878	33,688	3,84,754
1,03,565	46,914	87,780	1,16,090	51,293	5,85,771
+ 1,24,949	+ 1,28,210	+ 3,07,233	+ 41,801	+ 95,159	+ 8,64,876

FOREST DEPARTMENT OF THE
Annual Account Current for the

RECEIPTS.

	Amount.	Amount.
	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.
CASH BALANCE
VIII.—ASSESSED TAXES
Income tax—Deductions from salaries	3,778 2 6
REVENUE DURING THE YEAR	10,25,194 13 7
XII—INTEREST	372 0 0
OTHER CIVIL HEAD (as detailed below)
S.B Deposits—Bank Accounts—General Provident Fund	7,261 0 0
Personal Deposits—Lady Minto's Nursing Association Fund	27 0 0
FOREST DEPOSITS	1,477 5 0
Advances for Military Grass operations	95,834 7 11	...
ADVANCES RECOVERABLE
House Building Advances	350 0 0	...
Forest Advances	5,35,422 0 4	...
Objection Book Advances	3,218 4 8	...
Hutting Advances for Plague	230 2 8	...
Advances for purchase of Motor car	1,275 0 0	...
Total	6,36,329 15 7	6,36,329 15 7
CASH REMITTANCES—LOCAL—FOREST REMITTANCES—		
Forest cheques drawn	6,65,521 5 10	...
Forest Remittances Miscellaneous	2,689 1 3	...
Inter Divisional Transfers	4,873 3 4	...
Discount on sale of Forest Stamps	32,031 8 11	...
Total	7,05,115 3 4	7,05,115 3 4
EXCHANGE ACCOUNT WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS—		
Account between India and Central Provinces	9,023 0 0
III.—Items adjustable by India General Provident Fund War Bonds 1920	30 0 0
IV.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces, Miscellaneous	5,004 15 2
Account between Central Provinces and Bengal	806 0 8
III.—Items adjustable by Miscellaneous
Account between Central Provinces and Bombay	1,805 13 0
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces Miscellaneous	9,006 7 0
IV.—Items adjustable by Bombay Miscellaneous	267 13 5
Account between Central Provinces and Bihar and Orissa
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces Miscellaneous	835 15 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military Supply
III.—Items adjustable by Civil
IV.—Items adjustable by Military Miscellaneous payments	3,395 4 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military
V.—Mhow Division—Miscellaneous payments
IV.—Items adjustable by Military	850 0 0
INTER—DEPARTMENTAL TRANSFERS—		
P. W. Remittances. III Other Remittances	212 0 0
(a) Items adjustable by Public Works Department
Account between Central Provinces and Public Works Department
Railway Branches I. M. Railway
IV.—Items adjustable by P. W. Department Miscellaneous I. M. Railway	120 0 0
Suspense Account. War Loan Subscription under the Bank of Bengal Scheme
Do. War Loan 1920—47	275 0 0
Do. War Bonds 1920	75 0 0
Post and Telegraph Department	721 12 6
Miscellaneous	88 12 0
GRAND TOTAL	24,12,073 4 9

[PRESCRIBED].

NORTHERN CIRCLE, CENTRAL PROVINCES.

Forest year 1916-17.

PAYMENTS.

		Amount.	Amount.
		Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.
I.—REFUNDS AND DRAWBACKS	1,976 11 10
EXPENDITURE DURING THE YEAR	5,78,655 7 9
OTHER CIVIL HEADS (as detailed below)
Refund and Drawbacks
Income-tax	0 3 4
S.-B-Deposits—Bank Accounts General Provident Fund	8,039 13 8
FOREST DEPOSITS	1,488 11 0
ADVANCES RECOVERABLE—			
House Building advance	...	120 0 0	...
Forest Advances	...	5,39,168 4 2	...
Objection Book Advances	...	2,618 0 0	...
Hutting advances on account of plague	...	280 0 0	...
Advances for Military Grass operations	...	95,677 14 11	...
Total	...	6,37,864 3 1	6,37,864 3 1
CASH REMITTANCES—LOCAL—FOREST REMITTANCES
Remittances to Treasuries	...	4,80,592 10 10	...
Inter-Divisional Transfers	...	2,373 4 8	...
Forest stamps adjusted	...	5,24,148 12 2	...
Forest Remittances Miscellaneous	...	19 3 0	...
Total	...	10,07,133 14 8	10,07,133 14 8
EXCHANGE ACCOUNTS WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS—
Account between India and Central Provinces
III.—Items adjustable by India Miscellaneous	2,138 13 6
IV.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces Miscellaneous	9 2 0
Account between Central Provinces and United Provinces
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces	10,447 11 5
Account between Central Provinces and Military and Rawalpindi Division
IV.—Items adjustable Military Emigrant advances	540 0 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military Supply Account
IV.—Items adjustable by Military Miscellaneous payments	4,245 4 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military 5th Mhow Division
IV.—Items adjustable by Military Miscellaneous	1,52,433 1 0
INTER-DEPARTMENTAL TRANSFERS—			
Public Works Department Remittances III—Other Remittances (a) Items adjustable by Public Works Department.	1,060 1 6
Account between Central Provinces and Public Works Department, Railway Branch, I. M. Railway.
IV.—Items adjustable by Public Works Department Miscellaneous, I. M. Railway	240 0 0
GRAND TOTAL	24,12,073 4 9

FOREST DEPARTMENT OF THE
Annual Account Current for the

RECEIPTS.

	Amount.		Amount.	
	Rs.	a. p.	Rs.	a. p.
CASH BALANCE
VIII.—ASSESSED TAXES
Income Tax—Deductions from salaries	4,579	2 5
REVENUE DURING THE FOREST YEAR 1916-17	9,41,447	3 3
XII.—INTEREST	741	8 11
OTHER CIVIL HEAD (as detailed below)	2,230	2 6
S.B. Deposits—Bank Accounts—General Provident Fund	8,180	13 8
Personal Deposits—Lady Minto's Nursing Association Fund	6	0 0
FOREST DEPOSITS	1,646	8 0
ADVANCES RECOVERABLE—				
Advances for military grass operations ...	58,258	5 3
Housing Building Advances ...	220	0 0
Forest Advances ...	6,61,545	1 7
Objection Book Advances ...	4,880	8 0
Hunting Advances on account of Plague ...	1,126	8 0	7,26,030	6 10
SUSPENSE ACCOUNT—Presidency Bank Scheme War Bonds 1920 and 1922	180	0 0
CHEQUES AND BILLS—Forest Department Cheques	6,000	0 0
CASH REMITTANCES—LOCAL—FOREST REMITTANCES—				
Forest cheques drawn ...	6,82,664	12 6
Revenue Remittances written back ...	2	0 0
Discount on sale of Forest Stamps ...	24,511	6 0
Inter-Divisional Transfers ...	5,982	15 1
Forest Remittances Miscellaneous ...	818	5 8	7,13,979	7 3
III.—Other Remittances Public Works Department Remittances	255	8 9
EXCHANGE ACCOUNT WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS—				
Account between India and Central Provinces
III.—Items adjustable by India ...	11,005	11 0
IV.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces ...	2,596	1 8
Account between Central Provinces and Bengal
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces ...	83	12 0
IV.—Items adjustable by Bengal
Account between Central Provinces and Bombay
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces ...	9,006	7 0
IV.—Items adjustable by ————
Accounts between Central Provinces and Burma
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces ...	101	15 2
Account between Central Provinces and United Provinces
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces ...	331	15 3
Account between Central Provinces and Bihar and Orissa
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces ...	476	9 0
IV.—Items adjustable by Bihar and Orissa ...	20	0 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military 5th Mhow Division ...	1,498	12 8
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by Military
Account between Central Provinces and Military 6th Poona Division
IV.—Items adjustable by Military ...	1,786	11 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military 2nd Rawalpindi Division
IV.—Items adjustable by Military ...	430	11 10
Account between Central Provinces and Military Supply Accounts
III.—Items adjustable by Civil ...	1,042	8 6	28,381	3 1
INTER-DEPARTMENTAL TRANSFERS—				
Public Works Department Ordinary Branches
" " Railway Branches
Military " Northern Circle
" " Eastern "
" " Western "
" " Secunderabad Division
" " Burma Division
" " Military Supply
Post and Telegraph Department ...	963	15 0	963	15 0
Mine Department
GRAND TOTAL	24,34,621	15 8

[PRESCRIBED].—(Contd.)

SOUTHERN CIRCLE, CENTRAL PROVINCES.

Forest year 1916-17.

PAYMENTS.

	Amount.			Amount.		
	Rs.	a.	p.	Rs.	a.	p.
I.—REFUNDS AND DRAWBACKS	1,343	8	0
EXPENDITURE DURING THE FOREST YEAR 1916-17	5,91,984	9	7
OTHER CIVIL HEADS (as detailed below).—						
S. B. Deposits—Bank Accounts—General Provident Fund...	881	6	5
Civil Deposits Trust interest fund ordinary	8	9	4
FOREST DEPOSITS	1,811	1	9
ADVANCES RECOVERABLE.—						
Advances for military grass operations
House Building Advances
Forest Advances	6,55,727	14	5
Objection Book Advances	4,883	8	0
Hutting Advances on account of Plague	1,275	10	8
				7,20,745	6	4
SUSPENSE ACCOUNT
CASH REMITTANCES—LOCAL—FOREST REMITTANCES—						
Remittances to Treasuries	5,01,069	10	7
Forest Stamps adjusted	4,02,122	13	6
Inter-Divisional Transfers	10,870	13	9
Forest Remittances—Miscellaneous	39	3	4
III.—Other Remittances Public Works Department Remittances	9,14,102	9	2
				220	12	5
EXCHANGE ACCOUNT WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS—						
Account between India and Central Provinces
III.—Items adjustable by India	1,262	14	8
IV.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces	38,946	1	0
Account between Central Provinces and Bihar and Orissa
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by Bihar and Orissa	77	3	5
Account between Central Provinces and Military 5th Mhow Division
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by Military Miscellaneous	1,63,416	13	10
Account between Central Provinces and Military Supply Account
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces	1	8	6
IV.—Items adjustable by ————
Account between Central Provinces and Burma
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces	6	13	7
Accounts between Civil and Military 6th Poona Division
IV.—Items adjustable by Military Miscellaneous	78	0	0
				2,03,589	8	0
INTER-DEPARTMENTAL TRANSFERS—						
P. W. Department, Ordinary Branches
" " Railway Branch
Military " Northern Circle
" " Eastern " "
" " Western " "
" " Secunderabad Division
" " Burma Division
" " Military Supply
Post and Telegraph Department
Marine Department
				24,34,067	6	11
CASH BALANCE	554	8	9
GRAND TOTAL	24,34,621	15	8

FOREST DEPARTMENT OF THE
Annual Account Current from

RECEIPTS.

	Amounts.			Amounts.		
	Rs.	a.	p.	Rs.	a.	p.
CASH BALANCE
VIII.—ASSESSED TAXES
Income Tax—Deductions from salaries
REVENUE DURING THE YEAR	4,680	1	8
XII.—INTEREST	14,50,647	5	5
OTHER CIVIL HEAD (as detailed below)	333	10	8
S. B. Deposits—Bank Accounts—General Provident Fund
Personal Deposits—Lady Minto's Nursing Association Fund	8,710	0	0
FOREST DEPOSITS	21	0	0	8,731	0	0
ADVANCES RECOVERABLE	3,947	14	7
House Building Advances
Forest Advances
Objection Book Advances
Hutting Advances on account of Plague	5,66,791	3	4
Advances for purchase of Motor car	4,083	14	8
Advances on account of grass operations military	409	11	2
...	2,111	1	8
...	15,636	11	0
Total	5,89,038	9	10
CASH REMITTANCES—LOCAL—FOREST REMITTANCES—
Forest cheques drawn
Remittances Miscellaneous	6,14,105	3	2
Inter-Divisional Transfers	425	13	3
Discount on sale of Forest Stamps	8,341	13	9
Cheques and bills—Departmental Forest cheques	14,710	15	0	6,37,583	13	8
P. W. Remittances—III other Remittances (A) Items adjustable by Public Works Department.	2,700	0	0
Supervise on account of War loan—Subscription under the Presidency Bank Scheme—	1	1	8
War bonds 1920.	155	0	0
Total	26,97,818	9	6
EXCHANGE ACCOUNT WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS.—
Recoveries on account of War bonds 1920
Recoveries on account of War bonds 1922	340	0	0
Account between India and Central Provinces	20	0	0
Forest Officer's Provident Fund
U. S. F. P. Fund	1,349	9	7
General Provident Fund Imperial	409	3	0
Miscellaneous	8,011	2	0
Account between Central Provinces and Bombay	2,939	12	4	13,069	10	11
II.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces—Miscellaneous
Account between Central Provinces and Military	1,593	5	3	1,593	5	3
III.—Items adjustable by Military Supply Account Civil
Account between Central Provinces and Military 6th Poona Division	518	2	0	518	2	0
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by Military Miscellaneous Receipts
Account between India and Central Provinces	89	10	0	89	10	0
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by—
Total
INTER-DEPARTMENTAL TRANSFERS—
P. W. Department Ordinary Branches
" " Railway Branches
Military " Northern Circle
" " Eastern " "
" " Western " "
" " Secunderabad Division
" " Burma Division
" " Military Supply
Post and Telegraph Department
Marine Department
Total	681	9	4	681	9	4
GRAND TOTAL	27,13,770	15	0

[PRESCRIBED].—(Conclu.)

BERAR CIRCLE, CENTRAL PROVINCES.

July 1916 to June 1917.

PAYMENTS.

	Amounts.			Amounts.		
	Rs.	a.	p.	Rs.	a.	p.
I—REFUNDS AND DRAWBACKS FOREST	1,264	0	5
EXPENDITURE DURING THE YEAR	1,85,771	6	0
OTHER CIVIL HEADS (as detailed below)
S. B. Deposits—Bank Accounts—General Provident Fund...	...	2,524	0 0	...	2,524	0 0
FOREST DEPOSITS	4,025	8 10
ADVANCES RECOVERABLE
House Building Advances	...	50	0 0
Forest Advances	...	5,78,205	2 1
Objection Book Advances	...	4,262	10 3
Hutting Advances on account of Plague	...	445	0 0
Advances for Motor car	...	1,500	0 0
Advances on account of grass operations military	...	15,636	11 0
Total	6,00,099	7 9
CASH REMITTANCES—LOCAL—FOREST REMITTANCES.—
Remittances to Treasuries	...	10,23,435	13 4
Forest Remittances Miscellaneous	...	104	0 0
Inter-Divisional Transfers	...	7,863	0 0
Forest stamps adjusted	...	2,08,989	3 0
Total	14,60,482	5 4
EXCHANGE ACCOUNT WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS.—
Account between India and Central Provinces
III.—Items adjustable by India
IV.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces Miscellaneous	...	100	0 0	...	100	0 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by 5th Mhow Division Military Miscellaneous payments	...	59,195	6 4	...	59,195	6 4
Account between Central Provinces and Military Supply Account
Military Supply Account
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by Military	...	89	10 0	...	89	10 0
Account between Central Provinces and Military 6th Poona Division
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by Military Miscellaneous payments	...	89	10 0	...	89	10 0
Account between Central Provinces and ————
III.—Items adjustable by Central Provinces
IV.—Items adjustable by ————
Total
INTER-DEPARTMENTAL TRANSFERS.—
P. W. Department Ordinary Branches
" Railway Branch
I. M. Railway Miscellaneous	...	229	7 7	...	229	7 7
Military Department Northern Circle
" Eastern
" Western
" Secunderabad Division
" Burma Division
" Military Supply
Post and Telegraph Department
Marine Department
Total
CASH BALANCE
GRAND TOTAL	27,13,770	15 0

ANNUAL FORM No 36.—Revenue received and outstandings on account of Revenue during the year 1916-17.

Division.	Particulars.	Outstandings at commencement of the year.	Value of sales and other revenue during the year.	Total.	Amount realised during the year.	Balance due to the department at end of year.	Remarks.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
NORTH CENTRAL CIRCLE.							
Direction	Miscellaneous	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	
North Mandla (a)	Timber and other produce	7,590 0 0	1,11,780 6 6	1,19,370 6 6	1,00,444 13 6	18,926 2 0	Column 8 includes the following:— A.—Amount deducted as correction of entries in the accounts. B.—Amount written off as irrecoverable.
South Mandla (b)	Do.	8,538 1 10	1,05,739 9 2	1,14,277 11 0	1,17,637 7 0	16,360 4 0	
Jubbulpore-Narainpur (c)	Do.	1,726 0 0	70,295 11 9	72,021 11 9	70,991 0 0	1,030 11 9	
Danah (d)	Do.	139 1 10	1,32,800 0 0	1,32,939 1 10	1,39,051 4 1	3,048 4 0	A. B. Rs. a. p. Rs. a. p.
Gauger (e)	Do.	6,803 8 0	1,14,628 8 0	1,21,431 0 0	1,19,760 0 0	1,671 0 0	(a) 349 15 6 33 14 0
Neelganga (f)	Do.	11,109 9 0	2,03,449 0 0	2,14,558 9 0	2,11,658 9 8	900 0 0	(b) 1,707 3 0 112 4 0
Saoni (g)	Do.	977 7 0	1,10,415 5 0	1,11,392 12 0	1,20,232 12 0	2,370 0 0	(c) 63 0 0 1 0 0
Chhindwara (h)	Do.	1,853 6 5	1,10,322 10 3	1,12,175 0 0	1,15,250 11 0	3,075 5 0	(d) 3,008 4 1 "
	Total	53,873 11 10	10,17,500 9 5	10,71,374 5 3	10,28,675 9 9	47,398 11 6	(e) 1,071 0 0 "
							(f) 855 0 0 24 9 8
							(g) 975 0 0 1 12 0
							(h) 1,303 2 0 525 9 6
SOUTHERN CIRCLE.							
Direction	Miscellaneous	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	
Salaghat	Timber and other produce	4,565 11 8	1,83,142 0 8	1,87,707 12 4	1,84,799 10 4	2,908 2 0	Includes Rs. 1 written off as irrecoverable.
Salaghat School	Miscellaneous	...	4,124 10 4	4,124 10 4	4,124 10 4	...	
Bhandara	Timber and other produce	7,770 8 0	1,11,870 12 2	1,19,641 4 8	1,14,989 12 8	4,651 8 0	
Bilaspur	Do.	...	54,944 3 10	54,944 3 10	54,944 3 10	...	
North Chanda	Do.	5,513 10 7	1,43,136 9 5	1,48,650 4 0	1,47,391 1 11	1,259 2 8	
South Chanda	Do.	2,03,703 0 4	2,30,459 8 5	5,33,162 8 9	1,88,456 13 1	3,44,905 11 8	
Nagpur-Wardha	Do.	8,937 11 0	1,03,203 10 10	1,12,140 11 0	1,03,750 10 10	7,389 11 0	
North Raipur	Do.	346 8 0	52,012 10 1	52,358 2 1	52,304 2 1	54 0 0	Includes Rs. 504-12-0 written off as irrecoverable.
South Raipur	Do.	3,984 2 10	89,225 12 8	93,209 15 6	91,972 10 2	1,237 5 4	Includes Rs. 789 written off as irrecoverable.
	Total	2,33,021 4 5	10,72,218 2 11	13,05,139 7 4	9,42,541 15 3	3,62,597 8 1	
BERAR CIRCLE.							
Direction	Sales of timber and other forest produce and miscellaneous sources.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	
Malgat	Do.	512 6 6	1,68,422 10 8	1,68,935 1 2	1,57,870 14 11	11,064 3 3	
Azraoli	Do.	20 0 0	1,70,023 5 4	1,70,023 5 4	1,46,452 0 0	23,571 5 4	
Buldana	Do.	380 0 0	1,52,859 1 9	1,53,239 1 9	1,53,239 1 9	...	
Yatmal	Do.	...	3,95,012 9 6	3,95,012 9 6	3,95,012 9 6	...	
Akela	Do.	...	1,75,831 12 4	1,75,831 12 4	1,75,123 12 4	708 0 0	
Nimar	Do.	33 14 0	2,28,770 8 3	2,28,804 6 3	2,28,513 15 3	290 7 0	
Metol	Do.	1,350 0 0	1,95,772 1 5	1,97,122 1 5	1,94,184 1 5	2,937 0 0	
	Total	2,296 4 6	14,86,911 7 11	14,89,107 12 5	14,50,646 13 10	38,580 14 7	
TOTAL CENTRAL PROVINCES AND BERAR.		2,94,791 4 9	35,76,430 4 3	38,71,421 9 0	34,21,864 6 10	4,49,557 2 2	

